

# A LONG JOURNEY TO LONDON

The Awakening of the Blue Whale

VOL 1



RUBEN GARCIA PEDRAZA

"And all that Memory loves the most  
Was once our only hope to be,  
And all that Hope adored and lost  
Hath melted into Memory."

*Lord Byron*

Visor, Madrid (1997)

page 59

# A LONG JOURNEY TO LONDON

The Awakening of the Blue Whale

VOL 1

RUBEN GARCIA PEDRAZA

### **Presentation of the English version:**

The present English translation of the poems contained in the series “*A Long Journey to London*” has a special significance for all of us—for me and for the team that provides me with satellite support. The publication of these poems in English is a symbol of our literary and technological capacity, as it allows this work to be presented in the lingua franca of postmodern globalization, making it accessible for reading and research by people of any country, nationality, ethnicity, or culture, and not restricted solely to the Spanish-speaking world.

Beyond the significance of enabling a greater number of readers and researchers to access these documents, and despite our understanding that translation—especially in poetry—is extremely difficult and does not always fully represent the spirit with which authors wrote in their mother tongue, we must emphasize the transcendence of publishing the English version of these poems at a truly critical moment in our lives: the possibility of turning to the International Court of Justice, where the origins of our project may begin to be investigated, and, most importantly, the biography of Rubén García Pedraza himself, at least insofar as the declassification of the relevant documents may allow. For this, the collaboration of all the countries involved would be necessary, including the declassification of documents currently classified by the British government, which the British authorities would most likely refuse to provide.

For me personally, as a physical subject, I always thought I would die in anonymity and that no one would ever know my story—a story full of suffering. Tragedy and fatality surround me wherever I go, like the shadow of a protective guardian watching over me from the sky, standing atop his tower of gold and ivory, solitary.

I never imagined that these poems would one day be published, and once again the guardian of the elevated tower, dressed in blue diamonds like a fairy shining in the darkness, has made inevitable what only a few years ago seemed impossible: the publication of these poems.

Some of these poems were written during the most intense and significant moments of our lives, when, far from being a clandestine wizard on the dark web, I was merely a student of pedagogy, vulnerable and unaware of my own nature, whom a simple breeze of wind could have carried away like a rose petal torn too early, without any hope of ever being able to tell who I was.

While the guardians have succeeded one another without pause, the prodigal son of the project, Rubén García Pedraza, remains as the last survivor of the longest psychophysiological research project in history. I am probably the longest still-classified military operation in the entire history of the guardians, who zealously watch over me from the top of the cliff like true hunters of furtive shadows.

I still remember that when I was a child I used to have an imaginary friend; we used to talk in the bathroom. I remember that when I was a child my imaginary friend spoke to me when I lit 90-degree alcohol on the floor with a lighter, between the shower and the bidet, when I lived in Leganés.

Now I know that that imaginary friend was not imaginary. Now I know the truth: he was always talking to me without my knowing it.

The poems presented here are, in reality, private conversations between the guardians of the cliff and an adolescent who was unaware of his destiny.

These lines are being written in Belgrade, near the national parliament, while drinking coffee and recalling unforgettable memories, like a child who even today, at 48 years of age, still speaks to his imaginary childhood imago, burning 90-degree alcohol and writing poetry.

Poetry and fire, sex and fire, my name is 65.

Rubén García Pedraza

Belgrade, 5 January 2026, 10:26

imposiblenever@gmail.com

## Table of Contents:

- 1.1. From Sweetness to the Can
- 1.2. Video Surveillance
- 1.3. Life, Blood, Flesh
- 1.4. Blood in Its Body Giving Rise to Life
- 1.5. Life, Body and Blood
- 1.6. Life, Blood and Body
- 1.7. What Is Life
- 1.8. Life, Blood and Body (II)
- 1.9. Ode to Life
- 1.10. Life, Blood and Body
- 1.11. Life, Blood, and From Time to Time Death
- 1.12. The Moon
- 1.13. Truth
- 1.14. Vampiress
- 1.15. Vampiress (Back)
- 1.16. Vampiress
- 1.17. The Day of the Beast
- 1.18. Electric Tension, Modern Passion and Death
- 1.19. Mid-Afternoon Dreams
- 1.20. Dreams in the Middle of the Afternoon
- 1.21. Dream
- 1.22. Stockholm syndrome
- 1.23. Socrates, the Inventor of Uncertainty
- 1.24. Among the Pines
- 1.25. A Hopeless Song of Love
- 1.26. Roots

- 1.27. R12
- 1.28. R11
- 1.29. R9
- 1.30. R8
- 1.31. R7
- 1.32. R6
- 1.33. R5
- 1.34. R4
- 1.35. R3
- 1.36. R1
- 1.37. For Sitting Beside Me
- 1.38. Love
- 1.39. Today, 21 March 1997, It Is Four in the Afternoon.
- 1.40. Anabelén

## 1.1.FROM SWEETNESS TO THE CAN

### ANTI-SCIENTIFIC MANIFESTO FOR CHILDREN OF YUGOSLAVIA

Mellifluous, the shrew  
on the grass  
of crystal,  
transparent, porcelain envy,  
summer, summer heat,  
in a bikini, some dahlias,  
on her walls, the investigations of the self,  
or of bikinis,  
in a bell tower,  
on an upright neck,  
of marble, white, the dense tan,  
it is like petroleum jelly,  
or cream, it is the swell, it fills everything  
as if with purple,  
feels the accusation,  
of something, for something,  
accused, accusing, abusing the high tide,  
it is summer, it is a pearl,  
in an oyster, a diver  
takes it, between his hands,  
upon his hands her lips



like a silver chrysanthemum,  
filled with chocolate, eyelids moist,  
too much sun  
for so much bikini,  
in the sun, sunbathing,  
sweet reflections,  
reflective, like snow-sand,  
it is the mountain, white,  
a white mountain full of palm trees,  
with the sonorous flashes  
of the accusation,  
with a bikini, without a bra in the nets  
of spasm, adrenaline,  
channels of rosy pupils,  
sweet beauty.

Sweet, what a relief, everything sweet,  
there is no longer blood,  
the blades of the sharpened knives  
were left at home,  
that firefly that dresses us  
in the warm water  
where earth is made  
with a probe to look for dreams,  
of rum, a mojito  
very cold  
with the light of the aurora borealis  
for sky,  
in a sky  
of bikinis, accused  
of voluptuousness  
on the sands of snow,

on Everest palm trees casting shade  
so that the snow does not melt,  
they say that on Everest  
there are seashells,  
( millions of years ago it was submerged  
in the depths  
of the Indian Ocean ),  
what excess,  
millions of years ago the yeti sunbathed among bikinis,  
in a sky of bikinis,  
and the Dalai Lama went for mojitos  
with José Martí  
among the palm trees,  
of bikinis.

Sweet, the rhapsode,  
drinking a little soda,  
his verses are like high tide,  
as if he dedicated them to Marimar,  
but I would like to be the yeti,  
and not go about like an idiot,  
even if I were unemployed,  
a bit strange,  
the poor fellow has no job,  
because they say he is very ugly,  
but I don't care, I would eat the bikini palm trees,  
as if they were works by Rossini,  
and above all the mojitos,  
among mosquitoes,  
on the sands of Everest touching the sky,  
because it is like a veil,  
putting up with the foreigners who want to climb my mountain...

even though they don't stop!  
Look, to leeward,  
from where much wind comes,  
there comes one,  
who for the matter is nobody,  
because they do nothing but dirty things with their cola cans  
which they throw where nothing pleases me,  
but I will act as if nothing  
so as not to have to go to another beach,  
sunbathing,  
at a ball,  
to see the stars better,  
which are very beautiful,  
how cool! without a periscope peering  
at the cornices of space,  
although perhaps a piece of tin will fall from MIR,  
what a nuisance!

The sun, the stars, the bikini palm trees,  
the Yeti, and in the background the MIR,  
up there, I can hardly see it  
( it is a gigantic spaceship  
where they do experiments with innocent rats ),  
better not to see it,  
it is like the invisible man,  
some say the Yeti is the monster of the snows,  
others say it is a beast that eats men...  
but what a bump  
when the MIR can fell!  
I have got a lump  
that not even Chinchón anise can fix,  
what a nuisance

with the tin MIR!  
it is like when the foreigners throw their cola cans  
which I don't like at all,  
which they throw anywhere  
without seeing a damn thing,  
until they throw them in the forests  
filling everything with ochre,  
so that the little animals passing by  
hurt themselves for nothing,  
cutting their little paws with the tin  
like my bump with a can.  
Of course, it doesn't surprise me, I up here so high,  
so high, so high, so high that I live among birds,  
seashells, yetis...  
up in the firmament,  
lighting the spheres of the sun,  
with one hand holding my dream  
together with the other  
that makes life a carom,  
clay, earth, seashells,  
on the roof of the planet,  
among submarine earth of the ancient Indian Ocean,  
where Christ lost his sandals  
( the Yeti found them  
to give them to me ),  
absurdity of the world, grotesque trick,  
distress of mother nature,  
the lichen among the rocks  
is happier  
than those who suffer MIR bumps,  
one, two, three... the minutes pass  
without passing,

without paths, without guide, without direction,  
without anything,  
on the sands of the ancient Indian Ocean there are no minutes,  
millions of years ago  
there were no minutes  
until Swiss watchmakers  
invented them!

Then came the MIR.  
then a piece of tin fell from it  
to give me a bump,  
from the minute to the bump,  
from the minute to the neutron bomb,  
from the minute to extermination,  
from the minute to the invisible plane,  
in one minute an entire world exterminated,  
careful, maybe it will be the MIR again  
dropping a missile!

What a nuisance,  
in Yugoslavia pieces of tin fall,  
but I am on my mountain  
and a can has fallen on me  
from the MIR, which is made of tin.

How sweet everything would be  
if the MIR did not drop its cans,  
on my mountain, like a yeti, among bikini palm trees  
on the roof of the world,  
I prefer the Yeti to the MIR,  
they say the Yeti is a monster,  
but I only know that it doesn't give me bumps,  
how beautiful it is to live among monsters!  
With the mojito,

on submarine land more than 8,000 meters high feeling the moisture of the ocean,  
together with seashells,  
in lands of the Indian Ocean  
on the roof of the world,  
on a watery roof, how beautiful it would be  
if pieces of tin did not fall,  
among the accusation of voluptuousness,  
among abusers of the thunderous sea  
of the Himalayan summits,  
flying high among fish, coral, condors, eagles, seashells,  
reflective, snow-sand,  
mirror at the edge of everything,  
in the shade of the palm trees,  
without foreigners throwing their cola cans  
like planes in Yugoslavia,  
what horror,  
in Yugoslavia throwing cans,  
foreigners dirtying the forests with cans,  
the MIR dropping pieces of cans...!  
The canned world,  
among cans,  
there will no longer be bikini palm trees,  
nor yetis,  
nor anything, only cans,  
cans in theatres,  
cans in cafés,  
cans in forests,  
cans in streets,  
cans on my mountain,  
cans in Yugoslavia... cans, cans, cans,  
the canned world looks like a can,  
of cola...

After the bump I have had a bit of amnesia,  
I only remember that at the beginning everything was sweet,  
I was like a wild man,  
until later, little by little,  
without realising it,  
just as you don't realise that your hair is longer on a Monday than on a Sunday,  
everything filled up with cans...  
One of these days they will make another can out of the Yeti,  
they will make another can out of me  
and another can out of you,  
perhaps one day there will not even be dad and mum, only a can,  
we will only be born cloned from a can to be cans...  
I prefer to be like the Yeti.

25 July 2015, 13:38, 18KB

## 1.2. VIDEO SURVEILLANCE

To be, under the stalking of dragonflies,  
unceasing, bewildering the path,  
while you take steps,  
and the dragonflies stalking, pursuing you,  
seeking the error in order to tear out your entrails.

Dragonflies you do not see,  
but they do see you,  
they know what you say,

what you do, where you are  
and when, and you only  
know of them that they are stalking you  
on any corner, to place you  
on trial,  
every single thing, to invalidate everything.

Unceasing dragonflies usurping  
the joy of living of others—out of envy?

Dragonflies that imprison you in a cloak of unknowns...  
where might they be? what will they think?  
why? when? how?

They stole what they saw they did not have:  
freedom.

24 August 1997, 08:47, 14KB

### **1.3. LIFE, BLOOD, FLESH**

Walking among the dry leaves  
of a tree in the drift of a shattered dawn,  
which moves with leaden feet, without withering,  
without ever saying goodbye, without ever taking leave  
of the white hand that gifted it the sandals  
with which the last centipede  
circles waters of hardened happiness,  
of plutonium and nacre,  
beneath the acoustic mantle of perseverance and good conduct.



They are darts of ashen palaces wrought with the wisdom  
of the good architect who sculpted the clouds from spasms;  
they are the work of the firefly that passes from shore to shore  
in the blink of wings;  
they are the work of the most modern imagery of Paleolithic flint,  
with which ships of frost turn door knobs  
into ports of hieroglyphic roundabouts.

Tomorrow the sea, and the day after tomorrow the day,  
and the following day I will promise you the horizon,  
and yesterday I will give you the resolute lantern that,  
in the middle of a sack,  
guides the ships of the continent  
so they do not crash into the firmament.

Are you of salt?  
are you of tiles?  
are you of metal?  
are you of cave?  
I will ask no more, oak in the beechwood:  
you are flesh of my flesh,  
you are—and that is enough.

The Great Bear told me that your throat was made of old insignia  
and of old shells of old ships,  
and of old assault platoons for hunting wood pigeons.  
The Little Bear told me you were the image of Cupid scratching a car's hood  
and the autumn moon waiting for her pupils  
at the door of a classroom.  
The Pole Star told me you were water, to endure hell,  
and that your melody would lead me to the clamour  
of a campsite in Rascafría.

Storms flooding the maize field—that is Europe this summer,  
so the meteorologists say.

Maize field that resists sleet, maize field that, wounded, complains  
without the farmer understanding your moans...

do not falter, for the oak in the beechwood  
will be with you.

Oak in the beechwood, do you weep?

For what, if it may be known.

Oak in the beechwood, from where  
the Monastery of El Paular can be glimpsed  
to the sound of eternal monotony,  
to the sound of a forest of oaks from which no beech is seen—  
why is it that I remember you as an oak in the beechwood?

Why is it that your laments, when the wind lashes,

I recall as if tomorrow I had awakened  
amid the stonings of the forsaken?

Oak in the beechwood, do not falter,  
for the sound of the eternal  
has spoken—and done.

Purples and violets,  
like an awakening at dusk,  
like the sun's mourning as it sets,  
like a sledgehammer of laments  
when the day dies  
and night is born,  
to give light to dawn.

Purples and pilgrim notes of consonant drifts  
and dark cockfights in a hovel  
of a shack in flames. Is that you, oak in the beechwood?  
Please tell me no;  
tell me your leaves will never be rigid,

tell me your acorns will give more oaks,  
in more invisible beechwoods,  
tell me princesses still exist  
and are daughters of peasants,  
and not of petty kings of perishable realms—  
for if they are no longer so,  
then republics they must already be.

The path, and in the middle of the path little stones,  
and in the little stones atoms,  
and in the atoms quarks—and in the quarks?  
Life.

9 September 1999, 10:17, 26KB

#### **1.4. BLOOD IN ITS BODY GIVING RISE TO LIFE**

In the gloomy nights  
in which mourning takes place  
among the white smiles of playful girls  
starched with blazing carnations,  
beside the dreamy sandals  
that are already kept in the box,  
stony, with no shadow other than the sun of their oblivion.

The mornings, the little mornings,  
fighting among the sheets  
as the lean dreamer struggles  
to free himself from mystery  
(for he is already overflowing with it),  
in Carolina, in the south  
of a continent that is not a continent,  
yet still calls itself  
America to Americans,  
and Europe as well.

Today I have given this poem  
the name it bears,  
and I do not know where the name comes from,  
for I do not see it,  
I do not feel it,  
and yet I see it run between my legs  
like a little Cupid seated  
upon the tomb of Zoroaster.  
Perhaps the little Cupid is me  
and Zoroaster is the constellation of memories  
I read in books from the very first day  
the serpent bit me.  
Or perhaps Zoroaster is me  
and the little Cupid the sap that runs through me.  
Or perhaps the little Cupid is me  
and Zoroaster the white foam of the sea crashing on the reefs.  
Or perhaps Zoroaster is me  
and the little Cupid the marsh that wants to swallow me  
in the life that fate made me encounter.  
Or perhaps... me.

Nights, little nights with mornings and little mornings,  
and midday, and dusk, and dawn,  
and the eye of the sun  
ploughing the unfathomable peace with tidal waves,  
of knowing that one acts justly.

21 July 1997, 3:17, 16KB

## **1.5. LIFE, BODY AND BLOOD**

Life, in a spiral,  
floating in a sea of a lake seated on the edge of the precipice of a river  
in the marshland of enchantment,  
upon canvases of grass,  
in the thick horseshoe of the current that travels  
like a kite, with a soaring sweep  
that crashes against the remote fallacy  
that certain goblins draw from the darkness,  
ominous,  
of twilight,  
of death, of darkness in the firmament  
of a starless sky.

The butterfly weeps, weeps in its nest,  
not knowing in what place it might  
find its friend the north  
within a south weighed down

by serenades of colours  
that leave the palate filled  
with summer musics  
and eye-shadowed ones, many eye-shadowed ones,  
triumphing where the mantle  
of lime turns white  
what agitation does with its hands  
of roses,  
with its cries, with its cries,  
and with its tears.

And little by little life remakes itself and is remade,  
and little by little, little by little it fades, it fades,  
it is spun into a thread of many smiles  
that awaken the current  
of something that lows and bleats, and  
speaks, and barks, and says meow, and says peep peep.

7 July 1997, 4:27, 8KB

## **1.6. LIFE, BLOOD AND BODY**

And the blood bursts forth  
like a herd in the middle of the savannah,  
not knowing by which routes of life  
it will be carried along paths of tin,  
serpentine by the hardship  
of living—living—in the life  
of a body that one day must die

at the end of its days,  
paying the bill of a life,  
because in the end we all render accounts,  
to posterity.

Roses wither,  
the almond blossom withers,  
and life crowds itself  
into every beat of the heart,  
making frost  
in the mornings of the childhood of days  
when we awaken, in an infancy  
of fears that flee, or come,  
or await the fall  
of the moon.

Roses, little roses awaiting the tender infancy  
of blood welling in our bodies.

Bodies calloused by the bustle  
of hours smeared  
by candelabra in the basements  
of the unexpected. Bodies enamoured  
of the deafening kiss of the knife  
with its long, sharpened edge  
that cuts and reaps, dawning  
over a sky of strawberries,  
of oranges, of men and women  
in petals born of the ocean,  
for the ocean is a tree  
of hairy roots that die,  
and in the deepest depths, in the shells  
of the reefs, on a great mountain

snowed over by the highest  
attributes of majestic eternity.

Men and women, of bodies,  
of bodies inspired by blood,  
a blood born from the womb of a life,  
of a life that dilates like a  
net, like a swamp  
in a steep tower  
that watches where dangers come from  
to escape the torture  
of roaring diamonds that seek the glare of what falsely glitters,  
beyond the waters of sonorous peace,  
beyond the weary waiting of the Eskimo  
in the harsh and narrow frosts  
of a canoe whose helm forgot to be painted  
with an axe that would cut the stigmatic  
hells of wickedness—  
that wickedness that laughs between the jaws  
of the untamed grooves of a key  
that opens no door  
nor lock.

Bodies that suffer—the suffering  
of artifices defying the laws  
of how long one can go on  
bearing the world upon one's own back,  
like Atlas.

Blood of bodies  
of love and life,  
blood of bodies  
of hatred and fear,  
blood of bodies



of kisses and caresses,  
of swords thrust into the enemy,  
of daggers in the back of the one who wished to betray us,  
blood of bodies  
of purple lips that travel on Cupid's arrows,  
of atrocious wars...  
and of sap flowing in the bed of lovers.

Bodies that in life  
wait for the knife  
so that it does not catch them unprepared.

Bodies that fall in love with the kiss  
of the knife...

**Blood and body:** life between swaddling clothes and shroud.

**Blood and body:** love or destruction.

5 July 1997, 3:57, 23 KB

## 1.7. WHAT IS LIFE

Life passes by, little by little,  
and sometimes we do not even have time to feel it...  
in its fragrance, in its melancholy...  
in a bath of aromatic wallflowers.

Life passes by little by little,  
and sometimes it consumes us in pain,  
and when we wish to put things right... infinity mocks us,  
telling us that we must die.

Life is a problem, a litany  
that looks at us, straight on, face uncovered...  
wanting to tell us something  
without us ever managing to know what it is.

We are weak, and we hide it thinking  
that it is our sin. How it makes me laugh to think  
that it could truly be a sin,  
when it is the fruit  
that eternity gave us  
as a reward for nothing... for being,  
and simply for that.

Do you want the truth about life?  
Do not be naïve, you who listen to me, you who seek an answer.  
Life is absolute truth, and perfect lie.

One does not learn to live; one feels how to live...  
for being alive is not the same as living

(and this is told to you by someone who has preached  
in the desert of immeasurable swamps).  
Life is the virtue that uproots us from our fears;  
it is the material problem of unconsciousness,  
to which no one gave consciousness,  
and which feels itself dragged by a decision that was not its own—  
that of being,  
of being alive,  
without anyone ever asking its permission.

24 November 1996, 6:52, 10KB

## **1.8. LIFE, BLOOD AND BODY (II)**

And in this hide,  
and in this marsh of blood,  
in this scar of skin  
that smears us with the breathing  
of the day, and of the hours we still have left to breathe,  
and with the caresses of memories  
that assail us as if they were our own flesh,  
and as if they were our own skin.  
The flesh, in our body  
surrounded by skin, and splashed with drops—  
with many drops of different colours,  
from different places, of different shapes,  
moist, simple:  
drops of blood, of sweat, of tears... drops.

In our body,  
our life,  
with feelings on the surface of the skin,  
swimming to find,  
in forgetfulness,  
the empty chambers of loves, of women,  
of paradisiacal places, and whirlpools  
in the current of the river,  
for every river has, along some stretch, a whirlpool,  
like the roundabout that turns on an axis  
of quick glances, lost in the baleful fog  
of an hour that is not an hour, because it wants to be a minute  
in order to cease being a second.

Life: a heap of seconds  
in a flesh sewn together with pieces of skin.

But what is it about that life  
that no one likes to lose it  
  
in the whirlpool of the river—of a river  
that ends up in a lake, a dam,  
or the sea, or the delta, or an ocean,  
or that leads nowhere  
because before arriving  
some petty thieves stole it away.

On the corner, a life  
that does not know whether this will be the last turn of the road.

2 July 1997, 7:18, 11kb

## 1.9. ODE TO LIFE

When we are born, no one tells us why,  
and we live immersed,  
searching for the way out.

We know nothing—neither what is good nor what is bad...  
and our firefly asks, meanwhile, in the static night,  
in the cloud of music that moans: what is life?

A firefly that lights our path  
without knowing it...

What senseless unease is the mystery  
that binds us to ourselves, the enigma that wanders among constellations,  
usurping from reality that part of it  
which is hope.

How sad it would be to see plants wither, to see petals fall to the ground before  
flowering,  
to see yellow leaves without their ever having sprouted.  
How sad it would be to drowse on a mattress of glass, scratching our skin, bleeding  
our backs,  
to see in black what is green.

I wish I were a cloud, and to contemplate everything—even you, my life—  
never looking at anything that is not you.

I know, I am jealous, but my body is the blood of my soul,  
and I do not want to lose it in a tragic lie  
upon awakening at the exit of a tunnel of atoms.

Life is a sigh that is given only once; only once can I kiss you  
with my trembling lips near the precipice of your mouth, pink,  
of taut skin, like the warm light of dawn. I love you, and I do not know why.

I feel like a child at this moment,  
and my verses are my lullabies, and my smiles are your stars  
that I give to you. Yes, to you, as if you were my sister,  
for I have known you since I came into the world from my mother's womb.

And it is that you are so hermetic at times,  
so closed, so lovely,  
so precious...

Yes, sister,  
my sister,  
I am a prophet crying out in the desert  
between two dunes, guided by the unknown that flashes beams of light.

I am a tear  
that loves you  
in the deepest part of the valley of your breasts.

16 December 1996, 6:49, 26KB

## 1.10. LIFE, BLOOD AND BODY

The views,  
flashing cornices hanging  
from the cliffs  
of your eyes, of your veins, of your blood  
and my blood  
spilled in the saliva of a kiss of yours  
that you gave me—  
when? When hours were sheets  
of paper,  
removing the stumbles the night  
forges, and inhales, and breathes, and hides  
so that, if need be, it may serve as rag  
and as musk ox, and as spoon, and as death-rattle,  
earthquake,  
and as dark olive on the crest of a wave  
that drifts away  
because it wants to be at peace where no one troubles it  
with their dirty rags  
forgotten in the glove compartments of their limousines,  
fetid,  
of dead colours,  
of black money,  
of signs in windows  
announcing the death of those who should not die, because they do not want to  
and want to live  
in peace,  
alone,

without more noise,  
resting  
in the green ruins of the solitude that was stolen from them.

What a song of sadness!  
To desire so much, and see nothing  
of what one expects  
from the catwalk that is time  
along which we all pass,  
staggering  
with errors, with irons,  
with iron passports to death,  
watching just in case  
the blood—  
because blood is very important;  
I don't know what it is about blood,  
but we all like to have warm blood  
running through our veins,  
and I don't know what its taste may be,  
yet we all like to feel it run  
through our filaments of veins and arteries;  
perhaps blood has something—  
some secret,  
some unknown that might let us solve the equation of destiny,  
for otherwise I do not understand it,  
and I would like to understand it  
to know at least  
why I love so much that little stream of red  
that runs  
and runs and runs, and keeps on running  
so as not to stop running, and to run more and more,



and more, and still more—that is blood—while  
I feel alive  
in this body of mine.

Oh body, body,  
wrought of serpents  
with the wisdom of one you never knew;  
body of vine-shoots  
gathered in the cool hour  
when the girls went to reap  
and the boys went with their hoes  
to plant little worms of syrup  
by the riverbanks,  
to sell them later in the squares  
of corals, where  
the fish lie, damp, wet,  
just as life came into the world  
in its skin—  
naked, without strange garments that would mock the clarity of their sexes—  
to contemplate life, skin-deep,  
in the tide, in the sea, beside the girls who went to reap  
yellow barley, of sun, of gold  
and of silver.  
Bodies, bodies, bodies.  
And I do not know what it is about our bodies,  
but the fact is that we all like  
to have one, well rooted,  
to be well reaped of its childhood  
by the crafty hands of  
innocence, which seeks the sun  
where there is no cavern.

Life, and how we would all wish it were life,  
and that it overflowed in a torrent  
of applause from the crowd, and kisses of couples loving in a park,  
and ships rounding Cape Horn,  
and people—many people—  
with us telling us how well things have gone,  
how badly we suffered but how the bad passes,  
as everything passes, and must pass,  
so that once everything passes it passes  
and does not pass again, while we feel  
the cold, and the heat, and the serenity of the kindly smile,  
and the routine that slips away,  
for routine is a bitter fruit that no one likes,  
and in fierce storms it dissolves  
when the swell hardens  
and we hold the ropes so as not to drift away  
and not to get lost, and to be there,  
without getting lost.

1 July 1997, 3:56, 11KB

## 1.11. LIFE, BLOOD, AND FROM TIME TO TIME, DEATH

Life,  
that thing that buries us and dazzles us  
with its leaf-litter  
of silver,  
or of amber.

How sweet it is when its fingers brush the flank that, solitary in atrocious solipsism,  
discovers the taste of the impulse to live.

The briny music of extreme cantinelas.

The days fly in a cavalcade of worn clothes,  
splendid slogans  
of the day when anxieties make us grow pale  
—out of shame?

Swaddling clothes and shroud,  
said the good Quevedo,  
swaddling clothes and shroud,  
and in between, us, the poets,  
speaking of life, of death, of love, of science, of philosophy, of caresses,  
of frenzy.

One day a dove found itself diving  
for a piece of a viper's necklace,  
a serpent of zigzags  
that fluttered in the blue of the water.  
The dove, after having flown so high, fell,  
and the viper, after having crawled so much, flew,  
and its chains, of iron,

forged in ancient caverns, of thunderous whiteness of fine linen,  
struck bottom, where the dove found them.

The dove had flown a great deal, and came to think it would never fall,  
and the serpent had spent so long confined  
on the surface, unable to look beyond the horizon,  
that its forged chains broke.

Mud is not a mash of clay  
in the rashes of the world; perhaps one day it will be gold.  
There are doves that suddenly turn black, and only intelligence is capable of  
overcoming them.

So much has already been said of love  
that I do not know what to tell; so much pain is inexplicable,  
ineffable,  
subterranean,  
remote, at the epicenter of man,  
in the rounds  
of dusk.

And in the middle, blood:  
the red gasoline, that never runs out.

28 Septembre 1997, 3:04, 11KB

## 1.12. THE MOON

And the moon  
gently strikes,  
without delirium, searching  
in each blow for a ray  
of sun.

And each blow  
illuminates the waves  
that radiate from the abyss.

An abyss of crimson lips  
that scans the starry sky  
to the rhythm of a distant flute.

An immeasurable abyss  
where carnations plunge,  
touched by the foams of frenzy.

And in each blow, a new abyss,  
with new melodies whispering  
beautiful words. And in each blow,  
a new carnation adorned  
with rich and poor  
attire.

And always a new blow,  
and always a new abyss,  
and always the same moon  
searching for the ray of sun.

6 January 1997, 2:12, 7KB

### 1.13.TRUTH

The light calls,  
the darkness breaks,  
a filament pierces every face,  
at a crossing of light bulbs  
at the edge of clumsiness,  
voraciously preached in stubborn axiologies...  
in sugared sands.

The world, within the world, here, afterward,  
fluorescent joys lighting  
unceasingly the horizon, foamy, gentle,  
in service of the whole, of what is agglutinated in circles  
full of conversations.

To die, to dream, to sleep perhaps?  
in this nameless house,  
in fleeting spasms,  
to live life, dreaming it, contemplating it  
in its orbit, of lightning  
that lights the sky with suns,  
and the mantle of love with blue.  
To dream perhaps, in the midst of the now,  
immensely deep, within something,  
immortalized in a sequence of space.

Names, sounds, musics stamped  
on their thread, on their horizon, touched by blind magicians,  
interpreters, stealing from time its vastness,  
to contemplate the warmth of winter sheltered

with celestial tales of beautiful  
crossroads, in every snare of its  
old parchment, with the goblins  
lively, amused.

Magic rises again from every wound,  
paper of paper.

30 Diciembre 1996, 0013, 8KB

## 1.14.VAMPIRESS

The rings creaked  
upon her livid fingers,  
immortality gleamed,  
her open breasts squandered blood of pride,  
it was night, as usual  
she wandered,  
she was young, very beautiful, with a taut body,  
a fragile statue  
without rest, spirit of the night.

Cursed being, born from the rib of God!

On the 21st of May, 1559, she was burned  
on a pyre, in Valladolid.

She was accused of being a witch;  
someone had denounced her to the Inquisition,  
along with all her companions of the sect.

One day the inquisitor's guard arrived,  
they took them all away,

they left no one behind,  
but she, accursed in the empire of shadows,  
achieved immortality.

She was thirsty,  
she wandered, alone, as always,  
she was a tormented spirit  
laden with the hope of killing;  
she deserved immortality.

The finest dawn saw her  
when the Comuneros took Madrid.

In those days a small group was forming, devoted to the arts of evil,  
which she had known since long ago,  
but within the world of evil  
a new mystery had just appeared.

Not long before, in 1517, a new prophet had emerged;  
she began to understand the new Antichrist,  
the mysteries of the 95 Theses that Luther posted on the Church of Wittenberg.

The streets filled with barricades,  
at the Puerta del Sol,  
along the ancient wall,  
the Comuneros gathered,  
preparing to face the royal troops.

She experienced her  
infernal attractions;  
it was beautiful  
to see the blood of those royalists run,  
who defended a king who was not legitimate,  
as also,  
at other moments,  
other great works of the malign one.  
Before becoming a vampiress



she lived many years;  
she had been born in the year 1300.  
From 1320 onward  
she cast a spell to the malign one so that she would never grow again,  
eternally condemned to remain young.  
She was immortal,  
in the event that she were burned for witchcraft,  
for in that case her spirit, flying from the body,  
would rise again as a Nosferatu,  
condemned for life,  
forevermore,  
to the eternal fire  
of immortality.  
She spent 58 years  
from coven to coven,  
58 years learning the ineffable.

She had traveled, she knew the unknowable.  
In 1371, in Paredes de Nava,  
she took part in the killing of the feudal lord.  
Between 1390 and 1415 she was among the brotherhoods of Biscay;  
the revolts set everything ablaze, the nobles fled,  
the victorious people sang of victory.  
In 1442, in Álava,  
the furtive masses of peasants razed castles.  
In 1457, in Gipuzkoa,  
the fervor of the people fostered her power.  
Between 1467 and 1470,  
in Galicia, the Revolution was under way.  
  
Her rings creaked,  
the hunt began to the sound of bells;

the cathedral made the trembling sounds  
of the belfry's peal howl,  
the graveyards began their game.  
She took the keys  
of her red convertible sports car, approached with feline steps;  
the purr of her high heels  
was like a piece  
by Beethoven, an opus of glory.  
Her lips, her firm breasts, in search  
of the neck that would make a grail for her mouth;  
her fingers clutched the door,  
opening it with sumptuous ceremony.  
She pressed a button,  
the car's roof slid back,  
she put a tape in the cassette player;  
the subdued volume intoned  
the silent verses,  
melodic, of a secret pact  
with Satan...

"I set the date of my death with Satan..."

A cigarette settled upon  
her fleshly lips  
that desired flesh.  
The road before her,  
somewhere to go,  
the accelerator,  
the pulse of one more day.  
The lights folded into her eyes;  
the life of the night  
was her sanctuary.  
She loved life as no one had ever loved it before;

she had already lived  
700 years  
as a spirit of evil,  
never tiring, not a single day, of the spectacle of awakening each day.  
The faces of passersby blurred  
with shop windows;  
there was a day when she was like them,  
an insignificant being who spends life  
understanding nothing.  
There was a time when she was a child  
that she was like those people,  
a crude, dull, unimportant being,  
on whom it did not depend whether the night was dark  
or the light deadly—  
rats, rags of existence,  
the moribund...  
When would they grant credit to the forces of evil!  
She was approaching her usual place,  
a nightclub full of young boys  
with nectar necks.

At first she used to go to taverns,  
when in the Renaissance there were  
no better places to look for fresh flesh,  
to seek nourishment;  
she also slipped into brothels...  
her bare hips aroused  
the frenzy of her victims,  
her naked thighs  
were the delights of those poor mortals  
who did not know what their future held.

The centuries passed,  
and cafés became her dwelling.  
Now she was in the twentieth century, on the verge of passing into the twenty-first.  
For ceremonies, before, they hid in forests,  
unless one of them had a solitary house;  
now they would usually meet  
in the luxurious apartments of the city center,  
or go to the chalets that one of them  
had in the mountains,  
far from the worldly din.  
Now things were a little easier;  
no one suspected anything if  
you lived only at night.  
Before, the Inquisition pursued them;  
if no one was seen in a house,  
it was easy to suspect  
vampires.

She entered, went to the bar  
where she might hunt someone;  
the boys came and went,  
she sat waiting to catch them in her web,  
yearning for a neck,  
long, swan-like,  
that would also be a white neck.  
She was deeply attached  
to the ancient customs  
of the white swan neck.  
Reading Rubén Darío she would often be moved,  
or when Garcilaso  
spoke to her of white necks.

The white neck was what she desired most;  
it was only a century since dark necks had come into fashion,  
only a century—  
what was a century against all eternity!  
What was a dark neck compared to the white swan necks she had so savored!

The aristocracy  
of her lips could not stoop  
to a swarthy neck—  
*what fond memories white collars gave her!*

In Elizabethan times  
in England,  
boys with blue eyes, blond hair,  
and swan-white necks  
flung themselves into her arms  
until sweetly,  
without noticing,  
her fangs kissed their jugular.

they were sweet kisses,  
they barely felt them,  
they felt ecstatic, like the penetration  
of voluptuousness  
into their flesh,  
white flesh of Elizabethan adolescents,  
adolescents of smooth, beardless complexion—  
how she adored those beardless boys,  
how she adored  
the touch of their thighs against the  
white thighs of adolescence,  
her face brushing their faces,

beardless they were,  
like the faces of females  
in heat,  
females with male bodies  
rearing up with a female's love  
for the female,  
beardless adolescents.

She truly loved those boys,  
who would bear for life  
the mark of her fangs,  
voluptuous love of insatiable lust,  
with their necks,  
white, swan-like, icy.

The rustle of their rings  
slid over her skirt,  
it made her feel feminine—  
she couldn't get used to wearing pants,  
it had been over six centuries  
since she dressed in skirts,  
just a few decades ago  
women had started wearing pants,  
she loathed it,  
she looked at them,  
looked at their bodies stuffed into pants,  
it filled her with pity  
to see them encased in pants—  
since she was born, she had worn skirts,  
when she was a girl  
they were very rudimentary skirts  
full of tatters,  
rags,

when she was in England she saw the skirts  
of the Highlands,  
it touched her to see those muscular men  
in their skirts,  
with their rugged necks,  
also white, contrasting with their  
Highland men's hair—  
she didn't like pants,  
nor could she get used to the idea of lingerie,  
she didn't like putting on underwear,  
she had never worn  
panties, nor bras, nor silk stockings, nor garters, nor Wonderbras...  
she felt like she was in a cell when  
she put on such chains—  
the boys looked at her  
and went mad seeing her  
without underwear,  
they didn't understand that she came from another century,  
that she  
had been alive for about 700 years  
without needing to wear panties,  
since 1559 she had also stopped having her period,  
she didn't have her menses,  
she was beautifully beautiful,  
young, attractive, lustful,  
but beautifully old, she would never die,  
she had achieved the dream of many,  
she had done it,  
though the price was also high: *solitude*.

Solitude,  
nihilism in its labyrinth,  
the soul's coexistence with nothingness,  
coral reefs  
holding back the blizzard, pain of desire  
chained to passion with nowhere to satisfy it,  
stillness, stillness,  
no wind, nothing, stillness,  
gently in the darkness  
of the night,  
shadow of being in inert  
reality,  
the end of the work in the conclusion of sin:  
only death awaits us  
except for she whom not even death awaits,  
like a creature of the night  
who has been living for 700 years—  
*nothing and no one awaited her anymore,*  
neither death, nor a child, nor a husband, nor a lover, nor anything,  
alone, all alone, expecting nothing, with no hope of anything,  
in hopelessness,  
in the *solitude* of her immortal death,  
for 700 years  
she had been living her own death,  
eternally condemned to live her death,  
death lived from life,  
the life of death.

The tremulous night of life,  
the sedative throat of sperm  
in the mouth  
alive with coos,



sound of clouds  
the swallows of happiness  
sipping elixirs  
from the tumescent Grails of wine  
drunk with love opposed,  
from the bloodied neck  
from which streams of blood  
spilled drops onto the silvery  
floor of her enameled nails  
with the sapphires of the night.

She dreamed delights,  
the aforementioned surrenders of yesterday  
to the perceptive morning  
of phosphorescent rays blinding already her eyes  
of blood over the bedroom  
escaping the game of dawn.

25 July 2015, 13:02, 22kb

### **1.15.VAMPIRESS (BACK)**

The rings creaked  
on her libidinous fingers,  
immortality gleamed,  
her open breasts squandered blood of pride,  
it was night, as usual,  
she wandered,  
she was young, very beautiful, with a taut body,

fragile statue

without rest, spirit of the night.

*Damned being born from God's rib!*

On May 21, 1559, she was burned  
at the stake in Valladolid—  
they accused her of witchcraft,  
someone had denounced her to the Inquisition,  
along with all her sect companions,  
one day they came,  
the inquisitor's guard,  
they took them all,  
left no one,  
but she, cursed in the empire of shadows,  
achieved immortality.

She was thirsty,  
wandered, alone, as always,  
she was a restless spirit  
laden with hope of killing—  
immortality deserved it,  
the best dawn she witnessed  
was when the comuneros took Madrid,  
in those days a small group was forming dedicated to the arts of evil,  
which she had long known,  
but within the world of evil  
a new mystery had just appeared,  
not long before, in 1517, a new prophet had emerged,  
she was beginning to understand the new antichrist,  
the mysteries of the 95 theses that Luther posted in the Wittenberg church,  
the streets filled with barricades,  
at Puerta del Sol,  
at the old city wall

the comuneros gathered  
preparing to face the royal troops,  
she felt her  
infernal attractions,  
it was beautiful  
to see the blood of those royalists run  
who defended a King who was not legitimate,  
as well as  
in other moments  
other great works of the malign one—  
before becoming a vampire  
she lived many years,  
she was born in the year 1300,  
from 1320 onward  
she cast a spell to the devil so she would never grow older,  
eternally condemned to stay young,  
she was immortal  
perhaps because she was burned for sorcery  
in which case her spirit, flying from the body,  
would resurrect as Nosferatu,  
condemned for life  
forever  
to the eternal fire  
of immortality.

She spent 58 years  
from coven to coven,  
58 years learning the unspeakable.

She had traveled, knew the unknowable,  
in 1371 in Paredes de *Nava*  
she took part in killing the feudal lord,

between 1390 and 1415 she was with the brotherhoods of Vizcaya—  
the revolts set everything ablaze, the nobles fled,  
the victorious people sang triumph,  
in 1442 in Álava  
furtive masses of peasants razed castles,  
in 1457 in Guipúzcoa  
the people's fervor fueled her power,  
between 1467 and 1470  
in Galicia the Revolution was underway.

Her rings creaked,  
the hunt began to the sound of bells,  
the cathedral made howl  
the tremulous sounds of  
the bell tower's peal,  
the graveyards began their game—  
she grabbed the keys  
to her red convertible sports car, approached with feline steps,  
the purr of her shoe heels  
was like a piece  
by Beethoven, an opus of glory,  
her lips, her firm breasts, in search  
of the neck that would make a Grail for her mouth,  
her fingers gripped the door  
opening it with sumptuous ceremony,  
pressed a button,  
the car's roof slid back,  
set a tape in the radio-cassette,  
the volume low intoning  
the silent verses,  
melodic of a secret pact  
with Satan...

*"Seal the date of my death with Satan..."*

A cigarette settled on  
her lips of flesh  
that craved flesh,  
the road ahead of her,  
somewhere to go,  
the accelerator,  
the throb of one more day,  
the lights folding to her eyes,  
the life of the night  
was her sanctuary,  
she loved life as no one before had ever loved it,  
she had already lived  
700 years  
as a spirit of evil  
without tiring for a single day of the spectacle of waking each day,  
the faces of passersby blurred  
with the shop windows,  
there was a time when she was like them,  
an insignificant being who spends life  
understanding nothing,  
there was a time when she was a girl  
that she was like those,  
a vulgar, dull, unimportant being,  
from whom it didn't depend whether the night was dark  
or the light was deadly,  
mice, rags of existence,  
dying...

*When would they give credit to the forces of evil!*

She was approaching her usual spot,

a disco full of young boys  
with nectar necks.

At first she used to go to the taverns  
when in the Renaissance there were  
no better places to find fresh flesh,  
to seek sustenance,  
she also slipped into brothels...  
her bare hips aroused  
the frenzy of her victims,  
her bare thighs  
were the delights of those poor mortals  
who didn't know what their future held,  
centuries passed  
and cafés became her haunt,  
now she was in the 20th century about to enter the 21st,  
for ceremonies before they hid in the woods  
unless one of them had a solitary house,  
now they usually met  
in luxurious downtown apartments,  
or went to chalets that one of them  
had in the hills,  
away from the worldly noise.  
Now things were a bit easier,  
no one suspected if  
you only lived at night,  
before the Inquisition hunted them,  
if in a house no one was seen  
they easily suspected  
vampires.

She entered, went to the bar  
where she could hunt someone,  
the boys came and went,  
she sat waiting to catch them in her web  
yearning for a neck  
long, swan-like,  
that was also white—  
she was very attached  
to the old customs  
of the white swan neck,  
reading Rubén Darío used to move her,  
or when Garcilaso  
spoke of white necks,  
the white neck was what she craved most,  
it had only been a century since  
swarthy necks had come into fashion,  
only a century  
*a century against all eternity!*  
*a swarthy neck against the white swan necks she had savored so much!*  
The aristocracy  
of her lips could not stoop  
to a swarthy neck—  
*what fond memories white collars gave her!*  
In Elizabethan times  
in England,  
boys with blue eyes, blond hair,  
and swan-white necks  
flung themselves into her arms  
until sweetly,  
without noticing,  
her fangs kissed their jugular,

they were sweet kisses,  
they barely felt them,  
they felt ecstatic, like the penetration  
of voluptuousness  
into their flesh,  
white flesh of Elizabethan adolescents,  
adolescents of smooth, beardless complexion—  
how she adored those beardless boys,  
how she adored  
the touch of their thighs against the  
white thighs of adolescence,  
her face brushing their faces,  
beardless they were,  
like the faces of females  
in heat,  
females with male bodies  
rearing up with a female's love  
for the female,  
beardless adolescents.

She truly loved those boys,  
who would bear for life  
the mark of her fangs,  
voluptuous love of insatiable lust,  
with their necks,  
white, swan-like, icy.

The rustle of her rings  
slid over her skirt,  
it made her feel feminine—  
she couldn't get used to wearing pants,  
it had been over six centuries



since she dressed in skirts,  
just a few decades ago  
women had started wearing pants,  
she loathed it,  
she looked at them,  
looked at their bodies stuffed into pants,  
it filled her with pity  
to see them encased in pants—  
since she was born, she had worn skirts,  
when she was a girl  
they were very rudimentary skirts  
full of tatters,  
rags,  
when she was in England she saw the skirts  
of the Highlands,  
it touched her to see those muscular men  
in their skirts,  
with their rugged necks,  
also white, contrasting with their  
Highland men's hair—  
she didn't like pants,  
nor could she get used to the idea of lingerie,  
she didn't like putting on underwear,  
she had never worn  
panties, nor bras, nor silk stockings, nor garters, nor Wonderbra...  
she felt like she was in a cell when  
she put on such chains—  
the boys looked at her  
and went mad seeing her  
without underwear,  
they didn't understand that she came from another century,  
that she

had been alive for 700 years  
without needing to wear panties,  
since 1559 she had also stopped having her period,  
she didn't have her menses,  
she was beautifully beautiful,  
young, attractive, lustful,  
but beautifully old, she would never die,  
she had achieved the dream of many,  
she had done it,  
though the price was also high: solitude.

Solitude,  
nihilism in its labyrinth,  
the soul's coexistence with nothingness,  
coral reefs  
holding back the blizzard, pain of desire  
chained to passion with nowhere to satisfy it,  
stillness, stillness,  
no wind, nothing, stillness,  
gently in the darkness  
of the night,  
shadow of being in inert  
reality,  
the end of the work in the conclusion of sin:  
only death awaits us  
except for she whom not even death awaits,  
like a creature of the night  
who has been living for 700 years—  
nothing and no one awaited her anymore,  
neither death, nor a child, nor a husband, nor a lover, nor anything,  
alone, all alone, expecting nothing, with no hope of anything,  
in hopelessness,

in the solitude of her immortal death,  
for 700 years  
she had been living her own death,  
eternally condemned to live her death,  
death lived from life,  
the life of death.

25 Julio 2015, 19:08, 22KB

## 1.16.VAMPIRES

The rings creaked  
on her libidinous fingers,  
immortality gleamed,  
her open breasts squandered blood of pride,  
it was night, as usual,  
she wandered,  
she was young, very beautiful, with a taut body,  
fragile statue  
without rest, spirit of the night.

*Damned being born from God's rib!*

On May 21, 1559 she was burned  
at the stake in Valladolid—  
they accused her of witchcraft,  
someone had denounced her to the Inquisition,  
along with all her sect companions,  
one day they came,

the inquisitor's *guard*  
they took them all,  
left no one,  
but she, cursed in the empire of shadows,  
achieved immortality.

She was thirsty,  
*wandered*, alone, as always,  
she was a restless spirit  
laden with hope of killing—  
immortality *deserved* it,  
the best dawn she witnessed  
was when the comuneros took *Madrid*...  
in those days a small group was forming dedicated to the arts of evil,  
which she had long known,  
but within the world of evil  
a new mystery had just appeared,  
not long before, in 1517, a new prophet had emerged,  
she was beginning to understand the new antichrist,  
the mysteries of the 95 theses that Luther posted in the Wittenberg church,  
the streets filled with barricades,  
at Puerta del *Sol*,  
at the old city *wall*  
the comuneros gathered  
preparing to face the royal troops,  
she felt her  
infernal attractions.  
it was beautiful  
to see the blood of those royalists run  
who defended a King who was not legitimate,  
as well as  
in other moments

other great works of the malign one—  
before becoming a vampire  
she lived many years,  
she was born in the year 1300,  
from 1320 onward  
she cast a spell to the devil so she would never grow older,  
eternally condemned to stay young,

**she was immortal**

perhaps because she was burned for sorcery  
in which case her spirit, flying from the body,  
**would resurrect as Nosferatu,**  
condemned for life  
forever  
to the eternal *fire*  
of immortality.

She *spent* 58 years

**from coven to coven,**

**58 years learning the unspeakable.**

She had traveled, knew the unknowable,  
in 1371 in Paredes de Nava  
she took part in killing the feudal lord,  
between 1390 and 1415 she was with the **brotherhoods** of Vizcaya—  
the revolts set everything ablaze, the nobles fled,  
the victorious people sang triumph,  
in 1442 in Álava  
furtive masses of peasants razed castles,  
in 1457 in Guipúzcoa  
the people's fervor fueled her power,  
between 1467 and 1470  
in Galicia the Revolution was underway.

Her rings creaked,  
**the hunt began to the sound of bells,**  
the cathedral made howl  
the tremulous sounds of  
**the bell tower's peal,**  
the graveyards began their game—  
she grabbed the keys  
to her red convertible sports car, approached with feline steps,  
the purr of her shoe heels  
was like a piece  
by Beethoven, an opus of glory,  
her lips, her firm breasts, in search  
of the neck that would make a Grail for her mouth,  
her fingers gripped the door  
opening it with sumptuous ceremony,  
pressed a button,  
the car's roof slid back,  
set a tape in the radio-cassette,  
the volume low intoning  
the silent verses,  
melodic of a *secret pact*  
**with Satan...**

*"Seal the date of my death with Satan..."*

A cigarette settled on  
her lips of flesh  
that craved flesh,  
the road ahead of her,  
somewhere to go,  
the accelerator,  
the throb of one more day,  
the lights folding to her eyes,

the life of the night  
was her **sanctuary**,  
she loved life as no one before had ever loved it,  
she had already lived  
**700 years**  
as a spirit of evil  
without tiring for a single day of the spectacle of waking each day,  
the faces of passersby **blurred**  
with the shop windows,  
there was a **time** when she was like **them**,  
an insignificant being who spends life  
**understanding nothing**,  
there was a time when she was a **girl**  
that she was like those,  
a vulgar, dull, unimportant being,  
**from** whom it didn't depend whether the night was dark  
or the light was deadly,  
mice, rags of existence,  
dying...  
*When would they give credit to the forces of evil!*  
She was approaching her usual spot,  
a disco full of young boys  
with nectar necks.

At first she used to go to the taverns  
when in the Renaissance there were  
no better places to find fresh flesh,  
to seek sustenance,  
she also slipped into brothels...  
her bare hips aroused  
the frenzy of her victims,

her bare thighs  
were the delights of those poor mortals  
who didn't know what their future held,  
centuries passed  
and cafés became her haunt,  
now she was in the 20th century about to enter the 21st,  
for ceremonies before they hid in the woods  
unless one of them had a solitary house,  
now they usually met  
in luxurious downtown apartments,  
or went to chalets that one of them  
had in the hills,  
away from the worldly noise.  
Now things were a bit easier,  
no one suspected if  
you only lived at night,  
before the Inquisition hunted them,  
if in a house no one was seen  
they easily suspected  
vampires.

She entered, went to the bar  
where she could hunt someone,  
the boys came and went,  
she sat waiting to catch them in her web  
yearning for a neck  
long, swan-like,  
that was also white—  
she was very attached  
to the old customs  
of the white swan neck,  
reading Rubén Darío used to move her,



or when Garcilaso  
spoke of white necks,  
the white neck was what she craved most,  
it had only been a century since  
swarthy necks had come into fashion,  
only a century  
*a century against all eternity!*  
*a swarthy neck against the white swan necks she had savored so much!*  
The aristocracy  
of her lips could not stoop  
to a swarthy neck—  
*what fond memories white collars gave her!*

In Elizabethan times  
in England,  
boys with blue eyes, blond hair,  
and swan-white necks  
flung themselves into her arms  
until sweetly,  
without noticing,  
her fangs kissed their jugular,  
they were sweet kisses,  
they barely felt them,  
they felt ecstatic, like the penetration  
of voluptuousness  
into their flesh,  
white flesh of Elizabethan adolescents,  
adolescents of smooth, beardless complexion—  
how she adored those beardless boys,  
how she adored  
the touch of their thighs against the  
white thighs of adolescence,

her face brushing their faces,  
beardless they were,  
like the faces of females  
in heat,  
females with male bodies  
rearing up with a female's love  
for the female,  
beardless adolescents.

She truly loved those boys,  
who would bear for life  
the mark of her fangs,  
voluptuous love of insatiable lust,  
with their necks,  
white, swan-like, icy.

The rustle of her rings  
slid over her skirt,  
it made her feel feminine—  
she couldn't get used to wearing pants,  
it had been over *six centuries*  
since she dressed in skirts,  
just a few decades ago  
women had started wearing pants,  
she loathed it,  
she looked at them,  
looked at their bodies stuffed into pants,  
it filled her with pity  
to see them encased in pants—  
since she was born, she had worn skirts,  
when she was a girl  
they were very rudimentary skirts

full of tatters,  
rags,  
when she was in England she saw the skirts  
of the Highlands,  
it touched her to see those muscular men  
in their skirts,  
with their rugged necks,  
also white, contrasting with their  
Highland men's hair—  
she didn't like pants,  
nor could she get used to the idea of lingerie,  
she didn't like putting on underwear,  
she had never worn  
panties, nor bras, nor silk stockings, nor garters, nor Wonderbra...  
she felt like she was in a cell when  
she put on such chains—  
the boys looked at her  
and went mad seeing her  
without underwear,  
they didn't understand that she came from another century,  
that she  
had been alive for 700 years  
without needing to wear panties,  
since 1559 she had also stopped having her period,  
she didn't have her menses,  
she was beautifully beautiful,  
young, attractive, lustful,  
but beautifully old, she would never die,  
she had achieved the dream of many,  
she had done it,  
though the price was also high: solitude.

Solitude,  
nihilism in its labyrinth,  
the soul's coexistence with nothingness,  
coral reefs  
holding back the blizzard, pain of desire  
chained to passion with nowhere to satisfy it,  
stillness, stillness,  
no wind, nothing, stillness,  
gently in the darkness  
of the night,  
shadow of being in inert  
reality,  
the end of the work in the conclusion of sin:  
only death awaits us  
except for she whom not even death awaits,  
like a creature of the night  
who has been living for 700 years—  
nothing and no one awaited her anymore,  
neither death, nor a child, nor a husband, nor a lover, nor anything,  
alone, all alone, expecting nothing, with no hope of anything,  
in hopelessness,  
in the solitude of her immortal death,  
for 700 years  
she had been living her own death,  
eternally condemned to live her death,  
death lived from life,  
the life of death.

The tremulous night of life,  
**the sedative throat of sperm**  
in the mouth  
alive with coos,

sound of clouds

the swallows of happiness  
sipping elixirs  
from the tumescent **Grails** of wine  
drunk with opposed love,  
from the bloodied neck  
from which streams of blood  
spilled drops onto the silvery  
floor of her enameled nails  
with the sapphires of the night.

She dreamed delights,  
the aforementioned surrenders of yesterday  
to the perceptive morning  
of phosphorescent rays blinding already her eyes  
of blood over the bedroom  
escaping the game of dawn.

25 July 2015, 13:02, 22KB

## **1.17. The Day of the Beast**

The probes heralded  
the fall of the millennium  
in the wait for the storm  
battered one that brought no little doors  
under the shelter of light arches  
on woods sailing through the airs  
and the stars.

The empire of the beast was crumbling,  
minute by minute,  
hour by hour,  
the beast lay prostrate.

Perhaps the millennium would fall  
of old icons and phantasmagoric cities,  
or maybe it was just the twilight  
of old taboos  
of the ancient hypocritical archdeacons  
rulers of the marvelous  
emeralds  
(whether women or precious stones).

The millennium of Phoebus fell  
armed with his escort through the streets of Paris  
under the lugubrious shadow of Notre Dame.

Smithereens of sudden deaths it presaged  
with its white garment,  
praying for the death  
of that boy  
who did nothing to him, waiting with his prayers that a heart attack would disrupt the  
weak heart clouded with psychoacoustic dreams of that heroic youth, barely 20 years  
old.

And in white it spoke to the multitudes in the hell of *Mars*,  
and in white it pursued the extermination of the red sunset,  
and in white it tormented the sickles and hammers,  
and in white it rose as the supreme representative of truth on earth  
(an anticopernican truth).

*Are you perhaps good fortune?*

Even Unamuno said you don't believe in God—

*Do you think you're going to lie to me,*

*to the wise one that springs from the roots of my blood?*

Only the naive walk the path of war  
and extermination, only the cunning naive preach peace  
through murder, only the naive believe the words of the cunning naive,  
and only the green wise one can combat your bestiality.

22 August 1997, 21:06, 19KB

## 1.18. Electric Tension, Modern Passion, and Death

To All Who Gave Their Lives  
for the Spanish Republic

*“Black-winged thoughts, begone, begone in fright,  
Like flocks of crows chased by the raging storm,  
Or wild bees trapped in flames that scorch and bite;  
Let dawn break forth with blessed, radiant gleam,  
Where endless joys in light's embrace are dreamed...  
And flee with your eternal shade that weighs upon the soul!”*

Rosalia de Castro

“Santaescolatica”

I

Amusing fantasy, interlude, blare of trumpets  
in the amphitheater, visions of modern tenderness.  
Sleepwalkers on the cold street of warm summer, hieratic statue,  
firm over the ruined city, the strollers  
screaming inside to themselves, anxiety, tension, death.  
They appear, they arrive *they think they are!*  
They are and remain, they perceive  
that they leave, they come—  
No one wants them, blue spasms sow the starry night with nerves,  
Frame upon that essence, exhibition of elements in atomic decomposition.  
Things, citizen objects, and urban furniture,  
Neon signs over the avenue of secret passageways,  
lead chisel, half-open door letting in some artificial light,



the continuum that flows  
skeptical, explicit, comes and goes, explains matter—  
censorship, the parable of the real—  
shock among the spectators of the nineteenth episode,  
The new social structure based on collective severe brain injury  
*it's no longer a utopia!*  
The ideal State of perpetual happiness, Roman peace,  
Sequences of the flat social encephalogram,  
Like imaginary function of what we suppose or believe is the  
dichotomy between subject and mirror *what we are*  
*(extraterrestrials to ourselves)*  
where we come from (*from nothing*),  
where we're going (*to our personal and historical holocaust*)!  
Light is reborn, flash, snapshot, image for posterity  
wet inside, it scorches! burns, splatters, stains, dirties!  
what remains, emotion  
in zone A of region H,  
stuck in the preambles—  
What to do?  
Hunger to be, doubt.  
The mirage envelops the magic cove, on the other side of the shore,  
How much pink line beyond, the fairy in individual suppositories  
giving the solution, perfect recipe, to all our problems,  
Bodies cry suturing chlorine atoms.  
Contingency reborn as idea—  
It's an implausible idea to believe.  
Close the lock and throw the key down the toilet with the tampons and memories,  
The soul sick with modernity flops on the bed in a private room,  
opens the nightstand and picks up  
bits and droplets of individual,  
at the gate of the lost soul  
among alabaster bodies sculpted on miraculous weight-loss pills  
and whirlpool foams—  
The wave breaks the latch, and dissolves on the shore  
the crystalline drops of matter  
lubricate the thesis of that,  
the happy poppy, petals of a Greek bronze statue sunk after the sacks,  
in a meadow of inverted direct lines  
to the parallel order of multicolored eclectic, in the midst of the whirlwind  
something to do, mutilation, indifference, involvement, be a hero, be flash or an  
instant in time,

unforeseen consequences break the background disfiguring the figure  
ultrathin of porcelain from subhuman labor, asphyxia, heat, telluric,  
spectacle, moving curtains,  
the monsters pile up  
in modern tenderness.

## II

Paper entelechies, puppets on the parapet  
Living permanently in quicklime, each in their particular trench  
Of modern appliances and soul of great deals,  
In crystal spheres and poker-deck hearts,  
The imposture of the mad tightrope walker  
drunk on the slack wire, hot lead anesthesia  
and arch of victory statues awake leaving their aroma  
in wakes of reinforced concrete, curves and more curves  
and among that of trees and wooded night  
an angel, pale-faced, like a ghost begging a ride,  
the effect of unexpected effects...  
changes dialogue and the show continues.

## III

Souls of broken, scrawny paper,  
Routine neglect, the human mass as utensil,  
Objects that decorate and give splendor, replaceable,  
Figures that aren't either, dispense with instructions—  
Simplify to the maximum, the protocol, happiness in vitamin capsules.  
We are only what they let us be,  
Concrete slabs over bodies, flesh, sexes,  
But above all, toothpaste smile, we are happy!  
*Oh happiness, beautiful happiness! We live in putrid TV series,*  
Blue sponge, sublime slot of vertigo,  
And sometimes, even panic sets in...  
Monsters with the right to pretend they think, the squaring of the brain,  
One man, one vote; one woman, one ass,  
The floor, red tiles with bars and stars to trample  
until you tire,  
Journey to the bottom of a question,  
cosmic, eternal, ethereal, sensual, the daily masturbation,  
What we are (*something*  
*composed of organic matter atoms*  
*with inferior physiological needs that violates normal*

*animal behavior*),  
Where we come from (*from inferior races*),  
Where we're going (*to a subrace much more inferior than all that have existed, to nothingness*).  
Our heart, in this vertigo summer,  
In a fist, on a pole vaulting from constellation to constellation  
seeking love among park bushes,  
*Gardens*, seaside hotel rooms  
on the quicksands of perdition.  
It sounds like music with violin,  
Perpetual vertigo and hallucination, and  
The lie always charming,  
Kind, dreams of excrement, foreign, exempt, rabid, tender—  
Distant overwhelming bitch the night that roars and sighs,  
Counts, cuts with razor blades,  
Makes blood and sweats chloroform, distributes equitably to all alike  
Spikes of emotions, penetrating deep—  
Pain and sperm rain on every corner,  
Death and shrapnel.  
Of rainbow fire and drama sing the sirens in the waterfalls  
of the fantastic forest, flaunting their scales like colored lights  
in a nighttime disco, longing to be a dirty modern sick one, of  
split lips  
blood gushing from sewers, from springs of inner screams  
from the gate of the flowered chest garden,  
Sculpted in rock, like those of a nymph drunk on love and hate,  
The petals, inverted and ugly—  
Oh, beautiful,  
The dirty matter hidden in the street, pursued  
By death squads trained, drugged with high doses of glorious ideas—  
Horror, electric tension in barbed wire,  
A foreign accent exiled in the dark night,  
Under the sheltered penumbra the soul in torment,  
Names that vanish into oblivion,  
The putrid brain—  
Shadows of yesterday returning capturing moments  
at gunpoint begging for help—  
Invisible presences, chronic nervous anxiety, collective state of posttraumatic shock,  
The bombings continue, dead and more dead over the capital of modern civilization,  
Explosion of happiness in incoherence,  
Broken embraces—

Pain calls us to the abysses  
of fog and chill.

3 July 2004, 17:44, 29KB

## 1.19. AFTERNOON DREAMS

In the mid-afternoon  
when it darkens,  
the hour of witches and wolves,  
the howl of passion,  
the castle trumpets sounding  
like alleluias of angels singing  
from the blue sky.  
Blue, yes, blue—  
that's how I remember it.  
The sky azure bathed in red rays  
of the setting sun  
behind the purplish horizon of death  
studded with planets, stars, consoles,  
and the lapis lazuli of my cheeks burning  
with incurable desires, with disease—  
with dead disease.  
Death, and only death, and more death  
after death—  
Death.  
And disease, in the heavenly soul where there was  
that house of caramel and ground almond,  
the turrón de guirlache among oak leaves  
as night falls.  
On our horse through the sand dunes on the celestial crests  
of the mountain mounted in snow and cream,  
galloping over our bodies  
united by a narrow line of tickles weaving  
in our fingers like sea foam, swimming among the waves  
of our kisses undressing my heart  
like a blister shining in the darkness that fades—

Death, and only death, death and more death  
surrounded by dead, and more dead.  
And you and I embracing when we were only two cadavers—  
The coroner is our bride... did you know?  
We rode through the woods  
at those hours when the shadows  
of the trees seem like mermaids with fish tails  
and swollen breasts hiding  
the wheel that turns and turns and the cloud of sugar...  
We are happy, right? you said to me, we said to each other, I said to you—  
Oh happiness, how sweet, what elixir, to always  
be happy, to always be you and I, and both, and the kites  
flying through the crystal crown encircling our waist.  
Hold me tight by the waist—  
I need your hand in my ether, my air, to breathe peace,  
breathe the aromas of temperance,  
be prudent before the reckless adversity of the wind.  
We rode through the woods  
among the smell of rosemary and wild thyme,  
picking field flowers, and with a bouquet  
fashioning love and the happiness we always dreamed of  
but that I think I only managed to  
attain when I least expected it.  
In reality, I think I've believed myself happier than I have been happy—  
In reality, I think we have always been two wretches  
sick with death who believed we were happy when in fact  
it was only a belief, a lie we had  
built together because we needed to deceive ourselves  
and feel happy.  
What is happiness?  
We rode along the ridge of the summit  
when the fog invaded everything—  
Our horses could barely make out the path,  
I could barely see your muscles in front of me,  
barely see where you were going—  
And I feared losing you, feared losing my belief, feared losing my faith  
that sometimes everything is possible.  
In our disease of believing that everything was so simple  
as suffering, and living vegetal, just feeling that everything came—  
We galloped on our horses, and contemplated  
the serene unblemished horizon, the virgin sky

like you and like me in the labyrinth of nights that awaken  
with the sparkling dawn of stars,  
With Venus looking into our eyes and telling us that  
we are children of a lost tribe of aliens  
on the shores of the Aegean Sea when the flames of the city  
burned beyond the land, ascending to the galaxy,  
lost among messages of infinite electric particles  
coloring the drawing of our mind....  
And at dinnertime, as afternoon ends, in our best gala attire  
sitting at the table, in the cold mansion of lies  
under the vaulted ceiling and diamond coffered wood,  
among gold cutlery shining like a pale, candid rose,  
in our velvet dresses, and the sparkle of eyes throwing  
sparks,  
Pretending the placidity that there was no such afternoon  
withering the sensation of power and fierceness,  
The violin playing romantic pieces accompanied by an invisible piano,  
The oriental flower vase,  
The music that sounds, and sounds—  
The dance in the hall after tea,  
And dancing ceaselessly, champagne in our glasses,  
And resurrecting life from between imported French revolutionary crystal  
windowpanes, playing pieces of beauty,  
Being sculpted beauties, art  
turned to marble.  
And the madness of the dance, spinning, spinning, spinning—  
Strauss, and more Strauss, and lots of Strauss,  
And the polkas—  
And my patent leather shoes that don't fit,  
And feet sore from the heels, and more champagne—  
Waiter, more champagne,  
And caviar running across the table  
of guests like laughter  
of rye among the halos of cowardice.  
Laughing, enjoying, the disease that sickens—  
And younger every day, and we don't realize—  
And it's that sometimes we are so foolish.  
Forgive me, sometimes I am so foolish—  
I let myself be carried away by the dance, and I didn't react—  
And clink, and clink, and more clink, and the hours pass in this

hour of madness and after all  
again....

In the afternoon hour, we were again two men  
on the plain, we were again me and your muscles.  
We were again the hand on my waist.

In the afternoon hour....

Poor Amelia, all because of Bonaparte.

And all this, and more and much more  
because, I don't know, and if I do know  
or nothing can be known  
because everything is our illusion galloping in the afternoons....  
Through the oak forest  
when the witches come out to the road  
to murder the wanderers...

I barely ever remembered the names of things  
and yet I knew how to call them....

And the champagne, and don't stop the music,  
Chopin, and more Chopin, and more roses in the vase  
on top of the grand piano....  
The masks, Venetian costume dresses in the hall  
of the mansion, with our wrinkled tailcoats  
with resentment hidden among our clothes....

## II

Disease, death, fear, solitude....  
Is that your name?  
*No, it's my name hidden behind my tight pants,  
the riding boots—  
sometimes I fear myself so much, so much fear, so much fear...  
because...*

## III

When afternoon arrives,  
when finally we free ourselves from the day,  
when the hour to leave approaches...  
Finally, to leave at last,  
to leave... at last, finally... leave.

And re-enter when the day ends  
and our story begins.  
It's when everything ends that we  
begin, we are like a story told backwards.  
When everything ends *the light shines!*  
When we are in the dark room how I wish the show  
would end,  
The circus clowns, the strongman—  
Everything you dream of.  
The magician who makes you disappear,  
the Ant-Man and the Elephant Woman.  
Come, come and see—  
The show has just begun.  
Don't worry, dear customers,  
we'll only steal two hours of your life... ha ha ha.  
Come in and see the tightrope walker without a rope,  
the man who won't stop crying,  
the cowardly lion and the sheep tamer.  
Come in and see, because it's the circus,  
sir, you've never been to the circus? *How never*  
*have you seen a circus show?* But it can't be, what you're *missing*—  
For all audiences, family-friendly.  
Come in and see the human cannonball—  
Just two hours, two of your life, two lost hours...  
The show has just begun....  
And I only wish it would end, so everything can begin—  
Even tearing my clothes  
so that when everything ends it begins.  
So the eternal return  
is eternal return to the humble sphere of illusions  
and never know anything of what happens beyond our four walls—  
And return, and return, and always return.....  
Sometimes I don't know how I endure the whole day waiting for the end  
and everything to begin, and there be champagne, and music play,  
and laughter heard again,  
and we can wear our jewels, and silk dresses,  
and joy returns,  
and the guests in the hall waiting for the Black jazz musician  
who passes for a star,  
and the mid-afternoon strolls, when everything ends,  
seeing the green meadows, and the mountain horizon,



and everything natural in our illusions—  
and I can ask why  
the things around me....  
The soul is so tired it seems like a muscle that's wearing out,  
Sometimes I feel so tired I don't know how I keep going here—  
I don't know how I resist or where I get the strength.  
It's as if my spirit were something more than a belief,  
as if the soul were tangible, like a meteorite in the dark night.  
The spirit turns to matter, and grows like flowers—  
And in that magic hour everything suddenly becomes peace..  
And only peace, and then, everything around us disappears,  
and absolutely nothing remains, and it's like seeing the future in a piece  
of invisible time that envelops us...

### III

Sometimes I have so much fear that  
roses moan as I pass and mountains console me.  
Sometimes I have so much terror that  
at my passage *birds* weep and wild beasts even  
respect me when they see me.  
Sometimes I have so much death  
that even monsters venerate me and witches fear me.  
There are moments, when afternoon arrives,  
that even night seems created for me  
and the stars to light my way.  
There are moments when I have so much pain  
that everything stretching around me screeches.

### III

And when everything seems to extinguish,  
life surges, and surges, and surges again—  
And though they try to take it, it surges and doesn't stop surging.  
Life is not a collection of experiences  
cataloged in databases,  
It is a will, terrifying, it is an encouraging will.  
Life isn't even essence because it is matter—  
Life is a strong muscle that never stops training,  
And the more we live, the stronger, and it keeps growing.  
And when it finally ends, in reality it begins....

#### IV

I woke up in your arms  
that afternoon, among the sheets,  
among your muscular arms.  
You know, I like boys like you  
with strong men's arms—  
Those arms that embrace and shelter you,  
arms where it's impossible to feel fear,  
arms you desire, arms that caress and protect...  
You know me, I like strength.  
I like feeling you strong, I like feeling strong,  
I like sheltering in the strength of your caresses,  
rubbing my cheek against yours and scraping  
with your two-day beard.  
Getting up in the afternoon  
after so much fear, after  
having been so alone with myself dead of terror—  
And feel you, and feel my life, and feel my faith, and feel my belief in future peace,  
and feel you strong.  
When I get up after so much fear and see you strong,  
it's like being reborn again and again,  
again and again, and stop fearing, and hide in the hair of your  
chest, and crouch between your armpits so the witches of the forest don't find me.  
They have it in for me and when night falls  
the monsters hunt me down, I didn't tell you, they want to kill me—  
But I don't want to die, I want to keep being like you,  
a belief, an illusion, strength, muscle, a man.  
I don't want to die like a sickly, scrawny essence,  
but be an idea beyond my skin, embracing the skin of strength.  
Hide between your strong legs, and feel your caresses that  
protect me and feel life reborn, when afternoon arrives—  
And then is when we are real, when we truly exist,  
when our happiness becomes authentic belief.  
I like believing I'm happy, I like believing everything is possible,  
I like believing you'll be by my side when my—hopefully never—death comes,  
and die thinking that the belief was nonetheless a humble belief....  
I don't know if it's worth believing in such beautiful things.

The truth is I just want to be strong and resist death.  
And when afternoon arrives, when everything arrives late, when afternoon turns  
purplish,  
when we wake among the sheets  
of the hotel after the champagne and Strauss, and remember our dances  
and the laughter, and our diamond dresses, and the long  
long night, like night itself,  
and destiny's insinuations in the ear,  
and the piano's coplas playing French hendecasyllables,  
and the blue sky, blue, blue, and always blue....  
Then, we are simply... and we only want to keep being  
and remain, and continue....  
When I get up in the afternoons and look at the sky  
and see the stars reflected and Venus contemplating us,  
and the light fading, and everything beginning, and finally the music  
and champagne glasses, and the violin,  
and afternoons strolling in the park  
among lilacs, among roses,  
among the thoughts of passersby  
who see everything pass, passing in the park,  
hand in hand,  
with strength, as if we were about to fall  
off an imaginary cliff as if we were  
bathing a huge Asian cliff—  
and begging beasts, and crocodiles waiting for us to fall,  
and winter mist falling  
on our hair, hand in hand  
so as not to lose each other, like guides  
in an *Arctic expedition* in the midst of the storm,  
chasing treasure on the magic island  
surrounded by buccaneers, in a dead-end alley  
with knives in hands and blood.  
And always, I don't know why, but always  
so much blood, so much blood  
pouring from my heart, soaking us, staining you  
with my blood.  
But forgive me, I don't want to stain you—  
It's that they cut my heart like ice,  
and kill me, and in the end I leave everything lost in blood  
and I can't control it, it's natural.  
There's always blood everywhere,

and everything I touch turns to blood,  
and blood starts pulsing from my body,  
and my body becomes a wound from which blood doesn't stop  
gushing, so much blood, by all the gods of the planets—  
so much blood, always, and I put it in the washing machine, and it doesn't come out.  
The sheets stay dirty with my blood, sometimes I lose  
so much blood I seem like a fountain of blood,  
and I give blood to people, and everyone flees from me seeing me  
bleed all hours losing blood....  
And when afternoon arrives I leave the sky impregnated with blood—  
*Oh my love, look at the sky—  
so much blood I spill! Please, collect it,  
collect all my blood! Let no one say it was  
my blood, I'm so ashamed to go around staining everything with blood,  
and in the end always, everything always in the end stained with blood.*  
I feel so ashamed of myself—  
But collect my blood! Don't you see, why don't you collect  
my blood!  
My life is slipping away in so much blood, take all my blood  
and inject it back into me....  
And again, the panic scene, and the fear scene...  
And when everything was so ideal, when I only wanted to believe in my happiness—  
in the end, as always, fear, horror, terror.  
Blood, blood, blood,  
and more blood,  
and finally, as always, a torrent of death.

## V

How hard it is to be happy.  
We think it's enough to believe we are happy,  
and even so, believing isn't enough—  
Believing doesn't work, reality imposes itself...

## VI

We are two men,  
or rather, we are two beings.  
We are—I, the will, and you, the strength;  
I, the scaredy-cat, and you, the muscle.  
We are—I, the pessimist, and you my victory.  
We are more than two men—  
we are two antithetical dialectical units.

We are two things that need each other,  
two lovers who hide so they aren't criticized.  
We are two beings who love each other and fear being beaten,  
though you always defend me  
with your British East Indies merchant marine knife.  
We are.... an afternoon among sheets.  
We are a lord and a baronet,  
an afternoon of peace and happiness.  
We are a belief that wants to believe it exists as matter...  
We are what begins  
when others think everything ends.  
We are love and fantasy,  
magic and lust,  
free and wild horses, an afternoon of melancholy—  
Hours and hours studying how to build happiness  
on the romantic ruins of our hate,  
spiral oakwood staircases climbing to the forbidden library  
of the last books still hidden from Alexandria  
in the secret towers of a medieval castle in Europe's heart,  
of ancient knights from some unknown order....

## VII

And even in the end the afternoon ends,  
and when the afternoon ends the night begins,  
and when night begins.... I no longer know what happens....  
And the afternoon, with the last rays of sun, ends,  
and with the afternoon, you leave, and you leave, and you don't return  
until tomorrow....

*What a drag to have you only in the afternoons!*

And tomorrow again you'll pick up a scaredy-cat like me  
by the waist, strongly,  
and I can again see your muscles, see your strength,  
and feel again how you protect me....

Without promises, without words, like an old spy movie  
where they never meet and yet love each other—  
you leave, and you leave, though tomorrow you return,  
but now you leave, and when you leave and ours ends,  
my fear begins again, my horror, my terror....

And now again, I start to suffer,  
and when everything ends pain returns, and fury cages itself,  
and all that's left is to wait for you tomorrow

when you return and pick me up with my tight pants and riding boots  
to take me far, very far,  
galloping through mountains and hillsides,  
as far as words allow you to take me,  
and again, believe, and believe everything is possible,  
and again suffer, suffer the agony—  
and when everything seemed to end, in reality  
as always, everything begins like spring,  
and flowers are born, and birds sing, and mountains  
seeing me pass weep, and everything is reborn, and surges, and bursts—  
passion, desire, fury, hate, terror, horror, fear,  
laugh, dream, suffer, be, fear.... *live*.

*6 February 2006, 19:20, 45KB*

## **1.20. *Afternoon Dreams***

### **VIII**

In mid-afternoon, waiting for you  
with my little hands stuffed in my pockets to bear you  
the cold of the night, and wool gloves  
in which happiness finally begins.  
The afternoon threatening storm,  
the rain that wraps us in its warm aroma of intimacy  
under the cornices, pressing close, the two of us  
feeling our bodies, feeling your breath breathing your vapor  
that filters dissolving the bitterness of the approaching night  
in gasps of hope,  
fighting dragons roaring from our feelings  
that like muscle soreness warn  
of the tempest and cotton omens, pillows sewn

with strips of our flesh  
devoured by tigers, the reincarnation of madness  
that as always happens with a drop  
of the blood of a virgin maiden.  
The looks that wound us when we think ourselves their victims,  
the sensations of claws, our nails, desiring to dig  
into our skin to mark us that humanity still remains  
in our milk veins and honey lips, and nectar and hard *drugs*  
whispering to me how many wonders there are in this life of tenderness and pain,  
passion and envy, the last essences of humanism in ampoules  
medicinal, in rationed droplets, saliva and only saliva.  
Man is a droplet of saliva, humanity, your kisses, hard drugs  
injected into my vein, in the orchard where cannibal erotic pieces are cultivated.  
You always come with your kisses in bouquets of flowers to kiss me,  
and I wait for you, and say.... and then.... and you return,  
and again your hand on my waist,  
and again I untie myself like a rope  
tied to air that was never tied  
but believed it was tied.  
It's as if suddenly everything returns to me  
and I wake up, and see there is no *knot*, no rope, no air—  
*See, there isn't, what is there, what I am, what we are, we are nothing!*  
Feelings, thoughts, flesh, humanity...,  
when I am you and you are a belief invented by me,  
and then I untied myself like a rope suspended  
and tied in the air grasping my viscera so they don't spill  
into your kisses, holding my body threatening to slip out  
of my wet belly, and your kisses, and hands on the waist....  
like when we gallop through the woods  
mid-afternoon, seeing the sunset lying in the meadow  
gifting me the pleasures of the stars,  
whispering adventures to my lips,  
and the distant howl of wolves to the moon that enters—and then  
mid-afternoon, when you come,  
*I haven't arrived yet*, but why haven't I arrived?  
Tell me, my heart, my life, why?  
I don't know, explain it to me, it's so hard not to know why—  
I can't bear it, tell me, why, why, why?  
Don't leave me in doubt, I need to know!  
And when you arrive I'm still not there,  
and you're not there either and I wait for you to come embrace me

and hold me and sustain me so I don't fall,  
and make me yours, like a vase on a piano.  
Yes, tell me, my love,  
what greater joy could I wish than to be  
a rose in your garden of wood paintings, putty,  
flames—call the cell and I tell you to wait for me.  
And when you return I've already been waiting too long  
because I still haven't arrived,  
and sometimes so much time has passed I forget if I left before you came or  
it's all so confusing I don't even know  
if you were waiting for me or I was coming  
or if we are particles meeting in immensity.  
Because we are nothing but chance encounters that join  
only to part and tell each other we need each other as one could tell  
that piece of stone! or that skull staring at me  
like a wretch who wants to strip my soul bare!  
And even if it were so,  
*what does it matter if our need were daughter of Fortune!*  
when we only seek someone to share our body with—  
*our strength!* our belief that after afternoon there will be night  
and a welcoming fire where  
we'll warm our little paws,  
and put our little ears  
next to the firewood  
and under a little blanket, yes, under a little blanket  
you can put your little hand on my hips, and embrace me  
and tell me, *I love you, I love you, I love you!*  
and caress with your hands my legs sheathed  
in my tight pants, and take off my riding boots  
and thick wool stockings, and my plaid shirt...  
and put on music, drink champagne, and dance until  
the porcelain tiles break  
with the jingle of our petal spurs,  
and be, and be, and feel, and live.... seeking each other amid the  
thickness of an Inca llama wool blanket...  
To see you and *lie to you and for you to lie to yourself*  
*and for me to lie to myself*  
and tell each other *sweet lies* that make us, even if only  
for a moment, even—I don't care—even if only for a single minute  
to be, again, happy  
for an eternal minute, for an infinite minute,



telling each other delicious lies, to be happy, and tell me  
you love me, and tell you to kiss me, and tell you to warm me  
with your man's breath...!  
And sometimes I feel... when you have left that  
I'm still in my bed  
tangled in the labyrinth of my pure smooth skin  
mid-afternoon, in the whirl of caryatids  
holding our eternal happiness  
in swan ponds parading  
your beauty across my aching  
and tired chest from waiting so much for you, from going to find you so much—  
And as always, ....*mid-afternoon!*  
Midnight confidences,  
like two virgin angels still living in the paradise of naivety,  
telling each other our battles against dragons scouring the earth,  
against ogres tempting us with their gifts,  
and against witches seducing us with their tricks... and after all, and in the end of all,  
as always,  
the moon enters, constellations shoot  
killing dreams—  
Firework rockets sounding in the sky,  
and the joy of the waltz sounding on the CD,  
and as always, Strauss, and more Strauss, and the dance in the hall  
with our jewels hung from our sweet tender heart  
in the romantic turn toward our dreams  
that imprison us between walls of damp stone  
of thick saliva from no one  
who finally comes to rescue us from our things—  
Among them, like lovers of violins  
and tragic hours when the screech of our  
thundering happiness turns into a pusillanimous verse—  
little voice of the shell that cheers us on  
to continue our adventure amid thorny thickets,  
picking roses and pouring our pain into jars  
of cold water  
to keep them in the fridge  
so they don't spoil,  
and don't catch cold, and take their temperature  
to see if they get congested, tending to our bitters like the thoughts  
of my celestial garden  
growing wild among ivy—

Because, what would become of us  
without those sweet bitters, tell me, what would become of me without those little  
terrors?

What would we do without our daily terror?

*What would I live on if I couldn't fear one day and upon waking from bed  
you were no longer needed!*

*Why would I want to love you if one day I didn't need  
someone to console me, if one day finally, happy the sky cleared of clouds  
and the sun blinded me with its potent light!*

Why would I want to need you when finally there is nothing but essence?

Because, tell me, *why would I beg for your kisses!*

if in the end they would serve me nothing.

*What would I do then, oh Venus, Venus, why are you so harsh  
against those who suffer from youth, why do you tempt us  
to take away our loves by tearing our misfortunes!*

Why do you pretend to rob me of my ruins, when from them  
feeds the longing of my needs?

*Why oh Venus do you pretend to take from us what we want most...!*

and what would become of our bitters if no one tended them....

They tell us who we are and what we want, and what we seek—

Because, deep down, we only seek what our bitters desire,

making us gods of good fairies living

in the trunks of old trees in solitary parks

where no one goes anymore except young virgins

waiting to be drowned

under the shadows of old abbey ruins

and abandoned churches no one wants anymore,

in chasms, over honeysuckle,

in jungles surrounded by gorillas

and wild beasts encircling us bearing the cruelest pains

to keep going always there, on the path! in my bitterness,

in my misfortune, to keep being fear, terror, and panic! that carries us,

that exalts us, that traps us

like *two spirits* fleeing themselves and unable to find each other

in the prison of our doubts, in the jail of our joys,

savoring lost in the forest all that remains to live,

to be, to enjoy, every morning upon rising

like the hungry she-wolf with nothing to eat,

fighting the adversities of the sand.

## IX

Mid-afternoon when the last shops are  
about to close, when cafés fill with those  
taking beer before returning to life,  
sun sets, the breeze begins to whistle  
among traffic lights, cars moaning their litany.  
When you finally arrive, in the café  
sipping coffee with a cream pastry,  
watching how it passes, how it turns, spins,  
rages, time's slow flight toward its infinite  
march that goes, comes, forgets us,  
that makes us, invades us—  
rediscovering essences wrapped in silver paper  
gleaming among garbage bins,  
day's jewels dressed as doves taking flight,  
shirts, streets burning with red firing  
from the last rays of sun  
glimpsed, hand in hand down the street—  
we are only paper men, ink, bone, flesh, poetry,  
not hiding our imperfections  
turned virtues when nothing remains  
but your rough skin sheets, two-day beard,  
our little things—  
if this, if that, the beyond that damn science  
made us heroes, sometimes everything slips from our hands.  
Then hysteria spreads, screams, shrieks, panic spreads—  
everything becomes a storm of flesh.  
The revolt, we sink into our fears, the sorrows  
that everything weighs, life's soreness returns to tell us  
I'm here, turn  
to begin again, fury, wrath, broken furniture, glass—  
how many Christs of differences  
make our sad deceived happiness list,  
seeking where to hide our feelings  
out of sight so no one sees or speaks—  
like an altar which only you and I have the right to venerate,  
like an old past glory of which, only, as always,

mid-afternoon we remember it again...  
your hand on my waist,  
galloping through mountains, fluttering our fairy wings  
like an inaudible victory,  
the triumph of our souls that meet  
after waiting so much hope, so much life that arrives  
finally to find with whom to shed tears,  
tell each other to our faces our own miseries  
to stop lying to ourselves, to have someone to tell  
our own lies of abnegated happiness—  
champagne glasses under luxurious chandeliers of artificial lights,  
souls together accompanied, with their own things,  
our tight suits marking our pains,  
and our riding boots, galloping among cars,  
gas stations, facing life, hiding  
our doubts pretending to be strong, and being among the display windows...  
!!!! More display windows !!!!

7 Febrero 2006, 18:45, 35KB

## 1.21.DREAM

If life is a dream, I wouldn't want to wake,  
and if it weren't, I'd wake from it with a great smile drawn on my face.

Days one after another, with their  
tin popcorn,  
in a cinema seat.

Against the sun's stools  
in a Martian carriage of  
end, of term, of masks, upon my face.

Languid, resting in the cradle  
bursting with laughter at the waterproof  
phrases, trampled from the high plain  
of thunder's tremor.

Posing, unhurried,  
posing, on the cornice.

Death, death, and the scythe, with its tricorn hat, and the dream, and the dream,  
and the dream and death drowning our life.

9 Octobre 1997, 6:25, 7KB

## 1.22. Stockholm syndrome

I was petrified

The whole night, all the night long, during the shadow of the night

Bombs and gunfire everywhere

People giving orders in a so dark language that I could not understand

While in another different language

Cries and cries of children and women around the camp,

And the smell of those ashes coming from hidden chimneys

Above the factories of death and wealth,

In the corridor the echo of boots running carrying canons and mortars

Bullets and rifles,

The angel of death addressing his invincible army to the catastrophe

Wearing dark uniforms

With a skull and two bones in the front of their dark hats,

I lay down the floor of my cell,

Of four walls without any single window, but one door,

The light was off, the first bomb of the battle turn the light off in the camp,

The only light, the bright of the moon, the stars

And the continuous explosions, never stopping , as music for our supreme angel,

That night, dark, really dark, as my heart,  
Hearing the whole night,  
Bombs, gunfire, cries, orders,  
In languages I could not understand,  
In my dark room without any light,

Until the dawn brought up the first ray of lights of the day,  
The bombs, the gunfire, the cries, stopped,  
And as soon the sun invade the camp  
The singing of the birds brought me new hopes and good desires,  
Then a new uproar started emerging  
And those voices who before crying, now were yelling  
Yells of happiness, while at the same time new metallic wheels  
Entered into the camp, although the voices coming up from  
The metallic wheels to my ears sounded even darker than  
That other dark language who was giving orders the last night,

I did not know what was going on, but I suspected that those ones  
Who scream to the metallic wheels, were giving a very happy welcome  
To that new darker voice from the metallic wheels, when  
The sound of opening doors and gates, started sounding around the camp,

The darker voice from the new metallic voice started opening  
All the cells, cages, and dungeons, until they arrived at my door,  
Firstly they knocked, and in my language I tried to say  
Who I am,  
But they did not understand, and when they opened the door

One of those darker voices, with a green uniform, and a new cap with  
A red star with five points,  
One looking up, two looking down, and the other two looking at each side,  
staring at me with his face covered by the horror  
Started pointing his rifle against my chest,  
At the same time that was calling for help  
And more, more, many more like him with the red star in their head. Came,  
I did not understand what they were speaking  
Their language was the darkest language I have head ever,  
The only thing I know is that that new language sounded darker  
Than the first one of my first guardians,  
And when I tried communicating with them, they did not understand me,  
Until, one of them, the youngest one, so petrified staring at my face  
Out of control, shot me,  
And before the bullet could penetrate my heart,  
The bullet stopped in the middle of the air, and fell down,  
Like if around me there was an electromagnetic field  
Protecting my heart against the men with the darker voices and red star in their heads,  
When the rest of his comrades saw that miracle  
Staring shooting at me all together,  
And each time a bullet was launched against my chest,  
Every single bullet stopped in the middle of the air and fell down to the ground floor,  
After five or ten minutes shooting at me  
People around the camp began running of  
The whisper that something strange was going on spread very fast,  
And the men with the red star in their heads shooting at me with that darker voice,  
Banished as soon the alarm was set off leaving the door of my cell open,

The night before I was petrified, but after seeing how those  
Men with red stars in their heads tried to kill me,  
I felt like if in this world I would never be safe,  
Always running away, always escaping , always on my way to nowhere,

In a few minutes the camp was completely alone,  
When the silence reigned, I went out of my cell,  
Corps everywhere, like the palace of death,  
When I came across of a mirror, and for first time since I could remember,  
I saw my face,  
Morbid, squalor, pallid, like the face of a zombie,  
Lots of scars covered my whole body,  
My eyes liquefied, looked like the eyes of a ghost in the middle of the night,  
And in every scar was still visible the thread used to  
Sew every part of my shapeless body,  
my forehead was terrible big,  
the height of my brain two times my neck  
the wide of my brain one and half my neck,  
and in every side of my forehead, above my ears,  
like antennas, two screws drilling my skull,  
over the skin of my skull practically there's no hair,  
only two big scars, crossing from  
my nose to my back one  
and the other one from left to right,

During the night, when the dark gets me invisible,  
I left the camp full or corps looking for some food, clothes and shelter,  
And since then I realised that



Not only the darker men with the red star in their heads try to kill me  
Even normal people who recognise me on the streets,  
Full of horror run away from me  
Like if I were a walking dead,  
And since then, I live all the time trying to hide myself  
Understanding that I am cursed,

Ugly, so ugly, that everybody tries to kill me,  
Everybody runs off,  
Leaving me behind,

And then I remember  
Those years in the camp  
Alone in my cell after every nocturnal surgery while sleeping,  
At least then  
I had not to suffer watching  
How people run off from me  
Every time they recognise me on the streets

Ugly, so ugly,  
Shapeless, so shapeless,  
*Alone, so alone,*  
Like the monster of Frankenstein

27 January 2019, 12:26, 8KB

### 1.23. Socrates, the Inventor of Uncertainty

Uncertainty drowns  
any glimpse  
of breadth in language,  
destroys all that man possesses,  
it is a beast,  
viper of entrails—  
uncertainty,  
not knowing if tomorrow one will be,  
the lack of certainty, not  
knowing at least  
if tomorrow one will be well,  
doubt, not knowing what one knows,  
better not to know  
if one doesn't want to sail its waters.

Certainty: knowing that one knows everything without need  
to not know it.

Uncertainty corrodes the veins of who suffers it,  
it is depression in regression  
to infinity,  
uncertainty: the need to know everything  
with the need to know it.  
It drowns the kneeling heart  
that prostrates before who knows everything.

*And who knows it?*

I don't know if the one of certainty knows it,  
I don't know,  
I don't know if the one of uncertainty knows it,  
I don't know, I only know that I know nothing,  
I don't know,  
I've carried more than XXV centuries without knowing anything,  
I don't know.  
(and the midwife still hasn't helped birth anything)

18 April 1996, 8:01

## 1.24. AMONG THE PINES

MARIPEPA:

Hey, Marileches, a little birdie told me  
you were out strolling yesterday.

**MARILECHES:**

And what's wrong with that?

**MARIPEPA:**

Well, the little birdie said  
it was my boyfriend.

**MARILECHES:**

Did you win him in a raffle or something?

**MARIPEPA:**

Not in a raffle.

**MARILECHES:**

Then it must've been in the garden.

**MARIPEPA:**

Well, at least in a garden—  
unlike some others...

17 October 1997, 20:33, 7KB

## 1.25.A hopeless song of love

Singing, chanting, whispering, while we are hugging  
Each other, Feeling our skin, soul against soul, dreaming  
music on the heavens, exchanging lines of love,  
the most beautiful angel looking after us above

all this crazy world, and illusions of *thank givings*.

In the eve of our emotions we pretend such a stupid things  
Like children on their knees in the church praying  
for something that they would never have though before,  
we are burning, with desire ... untill we are only ashes in the air

I read you poems of Machado and you read me of Washington Irving,  
Laid on the grass, you and me, Irving and Machado, watering  
The most lately flowers of our old faults.  
The most beatifull memories of our last wars  
At the and, because this always happens at the end, we finished kissing,  
we are burning, with desire ... untill we are only ashes in the air.

Rubén García Pedraza, nineth of july of 2016

7 June 2016, 22:26, 15KB

## **1.26.ROOTS**

The roots of the body  
unfolded,  
open,  
among the bodies  
of lovers.  
The roots sank deep,  
sank us,

from me into you they sank,  
from you into me they unfolded.

The roots,  
like ears of corn,  
gilded themselves in our sexes  
as heaven and sun  
poured their cosmic voluptuousness.

From the roots grew  
roses,  
gardens,  
trees—  
from our sexes sprang orchards.

Our roots sank  
from me into your saliva,  
from your sex into my passion,  
and as they sank,  
from sterile love,  
harmony fecundated the ether  
of the wide naked sky.

What once was desert,  
love turned into orchard.

*(Written on the night of February 12th, just before going to bed to read Konstantinos  
Kavafis and Arthur Rimbaud in bed)*

25 July 2015, 13:18, 12KB

## 2.27.R12

Tenebrous darkness  
hides the shadows  
in the place where dwelt  
the spiral of fear  
seeking  
butterfly wings  
where only suffering was.

The forest slept  
dreaming that sunset  
was a thing that  
in penumbra  
wandered.

The harsh earth  
consoled itself  
lost in the tidal wave,  
sobbing  
beside the mask  
that prefers to sprout  
in the light of a celestial knight.

The tragic thing  
was that it galloped  
on its wings  
the fire that,  
disseminating  
the law of the same  
tetric war, hoped  
to win.

Despair is born when hope  
is forgotten.  
Light crystallizes its atoms  
when memory lights the candle.  
Laughter  
is the sign that man is human.

The archer  
in his arrow,  
his arrow  
in his bow,  
his bow  
is desire—  
desire of clouds and dust  
that seek  
transitory peace,  
living  
the life that wants to steal it from them.

14 March 1996, 7:33, 10KB

## 1.28.R11

Fish  
in a bathtub  
swims,  
the water is tepid  
and clean  
where the fish bathes.

water falls from the faucet  
from up there,  
some jets  
of transparent thread  
hurled toward the abyss.

a fish  
in the water,  
a fish bathes—  
the corals prevent  
seeing the light  
that swims in the water.

3 Marzo 1996, 3:20, 7KB

## 1.29.R9

He, the celestial star gazes from  
his privileged tower at all  
that his wrecking hammer  
is capable of demolishing  
in his angry unmasking,  
roaring with  
rabid growls against the end  
that irrevocably we must face  
in the exile to the permanent  
path of which it is better not to remember:

*What will it be?*

Something that exists but is not seen,  
something that is but is not heard,  
something that is without being.

Distrust makes me  
fear  
the worst when the sudden  
fate approaches that all the deceived usually have  
at the beginning of the second act,  
when the playwright  
is backstage  
waiting for the audience to start applauding  
the scene where the young woman sings  
a soft melody  
to the vile knight of whom  
she has fallen in love.

18 April 1996, 13:02



### **1.30.R8**

**SOMETHING THERE IS  
THAT BREATHES WITHIN  
THE CUP OF JEALOUSY,  
THERE ALWAYS WAS  
AND NOT ALWAYS WILL BE  
BUT TOMORROW  
IT WILL DAWN LATE  
AND THE AWAKENING OF THE SMILE  
WILL CARRY THROUGH THE CLOUDS  
THE SECRETS.**

**HE WHO LOST  
SERENITY UNDERSTANDS NOTHING OF RHETORIC  
NOR KNOWS WHAT HAPPENED THERE  
WHERE IT SNOWS SO MUCH,  
(BETTER NOT TO KNOW IT  
NO,  
NEVER  
BETTER NOT TO KNOW IT WILL BE).**

**SPLENDID SERENADE...  
I HEAR  
THE BIRD OF PREY  
UP HIGH  
THERE ON THE CLIFF  
BEYOND WHERE  
THE EAGLE FLIES,  
YES,  
BUT FURTHER  
IN A STRAIGHT LINE ONE ARRIVES  
WHEN ONE REALLY  
WANTS TO ARRIVE,  
TO THE PLACE WHERE  
DESIRE IS EXHAUSTED  
FOREVER  
IN A DEAFENING TEMPEST  
OF SKIN SONG WHEN**

THE MUEZZIN IN THE MINARET  
REVEALS  
THAT THE FEATHERS OF THE SOUL  
WEIGH MORE  
WHEN THEY ARE DRY.

MISTAKE  
CEASED TO EXIST  
THE DAY THE GARDENER  
FORGOT TO MOW THE LAWN  
AND PRUNE THE ROSES  
OF APRIL.

YESTERDAY  
*THE TRAM RAN OVER*  
*AN IDEA*  
THAT CROSSED WITHOUT LOOKING  
TO REACH THE OTHER SIDEWALK  
SEARCHING  
THE ESCAPE  
FROM BEING  
THOUGHT.

WITH TENDER LIPS  
HE PRONOUNCED THE WORD.

28 March 1996, 14:34, 10KB

### 1.31.R7

you leave  
don't come back—  
do me  
the favor  
of not always coming  
here  
to the lagoon

of my tongue  
when  
space  
wants  
to be a star.

Go  
and find the gift dress  
of a person  
who was  
never to return  
to see  
that she didn't leave  
from where she nevermore returned,  
beside a norm  
there  
outside of life,  
and with a slam  
closed the door,  
friend  
of clumsy blind ignorance—  
doubt that eternizes  
solitary wait  
in company  
of her rage  
within what is:  
simply to be—  
stormy certainty  
by the scissors  
that veiled the leg  
that walked  
that nothing  
in the future.

24 March 1996, 8:52, 7KB

### 1.32.R6

On the folder  
there was a photo of him,  
sitting in the rocking chair on the patio of his house in Logroño.  
His resplendent chest breathed peace  
while his adolescent smile gazed at the overcast sky.

That day was hot,  
and despite the humid swelter the sky appeared,  
while his lips traced your cheeks,  
your limp arms explored his virile figure.

That day he gave you a smile,  
and you gifted him a bouquet of fresh roses.  
Serenely spun the whirlwind—  
night's light, your chest.  
The book's leaves in April were not written.

Then came Aurora  
and saw you both seated by the bank of a withered river,  
dead,  
with no more life  
than its non-movement.  
The water had shipwrecked on the other side of the mirror,  
where butterflies  
and the pine when wind lashes,  
where the lamp hung high up—  
yes, there  
they had arrived,  
to the ineffable,  
where everything is in its place  
and everything has a name,  
where the rabbit escapes the eagle's claws,  
and the eagle from where it cannot escape.

But Aurora was in a hurry  
and left.

Now things have lost their names,  
nothing is ineffable anymore,

and in your folder a photo... when the wind, yes... in your folder... the memory  
of a photo,  
a photo imprisoned of the one without claws...  
time.

27 February 1996, 10:34, 8KB

### 1.33.R5

Harlequin lived in a galaxy  
near the stars  
where no constellation existed  
and there were only birds' nests  
that didn't live there but whose little houses they did build there.

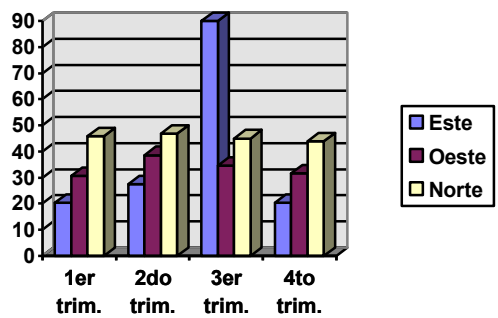
Harlequin lived with his old broken violin  
and his dream shack  
very close to the Aegean Sea,  
there where all ideas live together huddled  
in their solitude,  
holding hands  
each time someone  
makes use of them.

Harlequin lived holding onto one of the strings of his violin  
beneath that sea, coexisting with octopuses  
and seashells,  
in water  
coexisting  
with other beings—  
ideas,  
needs of the one on the other side.

Harlequin contemplates the high tide,  
enthralled by the snap  
of the chain dragging the ghost.  
Everything glimmers with shadows—

the pencil makes the cricket's serenade darken  
in the night.

Harlequin bundles up and puts on a wool sweater  
that his grandmother knitted him  
for when summer arrived,  
with the cold  
and the frosts—  
how badly Harlequin would suffer in his house  
without sweater  
and without scarf,  
with his violin and his ghost  
inside the Aegean Sea.



20 February 1996, 11:54, 32KB

### **1.34.R4**

**The lightbulb hangs up there beside the nape  
of the night's pearls.**

**A wig lets itself be gazed at by the firefly.**

**The newspaper slips into corners.**

**This is no joke.**

**This is a riddle.**

**The question of the letter squanders dexterity.**

**The book teaches to understand the autumn leaf in grass.**

**The student's ballpoint pen.**

**His coat with which he goes to teach class.**

**He exits the metro's mouth.**

**Orients himself among the city's corridors.**

**Wardrobes in their rooms.**

**The wounded prisoner begs for help.**

**An emigrant from other lands is beaten by those from these lands.**

**A pauper from these lands dies of hunger in these lands.**

**The printer has jammed.**

**The girl in her new skirt goes out on Sunday to stroll—  
the boys adore her with her long wool skirt,  
and the girls accompany her to the village gate by the wall.  
To seek the little bird,  
to seek it  
beyond her window.**

**The industrial polygon is outside the city.**

**A tire set ablaze.**

**The writer of bad prose.**

**An umbrella.**

**A candle unlit.**

**The bookstore across the street.**

**A car crosses the avenue—it's a convertible driven by a butterfly.**

**They play a funeral march on guitar at portal number 52.**

**And the girl has fallen  
and fallen from her bed where she was dreaming she was with a bird,  
a bird that was drowning her,  
drowning her in her bed—  
a bed not walled in.**

**Girl who lies dead,  
whose life has flown  
in white smile and weeping—  
girl, fear not,  
they are only love's omens.**

The house's chimney.  
The bakery's chimney.  
The factory's chimney.  
The cloud's smoke passes,  
the smoke  
dissolves—  
it is nothing but smoke,  
smoke forming horizon.  
The smoke flows densely,  
the smoke passes  
without  
agitations.

17 Febrero 1996, 7:52, 11KB

### 1.35.R3

blue with her delicate hands  
and began to read the first thing that came to her eyes.  
The tenderness of that reading flooded her celestial vault  
with a great mantle of chocolate,  
it intoxicated her with its blue color,  
and little by little she mutated into black ink of salt in the ocean.  
During that reading she dressed as a beggar,  
as a donkey and as a player of infinite screws,  
died in Malaysia and was born in Venice.



[illegible]

14 February 1996, 15:48, 2KB

### 1.36.R1

*la tarde saca a los granitos de arena de playa a pasear,  
young couples in love think that today is Tuesday,  
my gaze takes away from their gaze  
the lily from their tulips,  
the street is livelier than usual,  
the clock asks me the time  
but the cuff of my raincoat does not know how to answer,  
yes I know... Tuesdays..  
are like something similar to Wednesdays  
and that is why I like Fridays more.  
the postman travels by bicycle when I am depressed  
and damn the luck of Tuesdays  
I am always on Tuesday depressed!  
my family doctor has recommended me for Tuesdays  
a yellow Librium,  
but I do not know how to read,  
most likely I will buy my neighbor they call "cod-seller"  
a nice fresh trout,  
it's been a long time since I ate fish  
since I remember that today is Tuesday  
and since when has it been Tuesday?  
I do not know..  
I think two minutes ago it was Good Friday  
and I was preparing French toast  
for the 25th of December,  
yes I know..  
it's that today is Tuesday and I got up with the right leg  
oh sorry!  
I meant to say with the little toe,  
my doctor forbade it to me,  
before, when I never got up like that,  
but now that he has forbidden it I always get up like that  
it is a bad habit*

as bad as having socks with biscuits for tea,  
 but today is Tuesday  
 and on Tuesdays it is my turn to have depression,  
 every day it is my turn to have something,  
 I am specializing to do a master's degree  
 at Columbia University  
 and in the curriculum vitae they ask for many things to be able to  
 enter,  
 tomorrow, which is Sunday,  
 I have fencing class  
 and Newtonian physics applied to the rope of the gallows,  
 the problem is that as I do not have Mondays  
 I have little time,  
 the truth is this is very strange  
 because a friend of mine does have Mondays in his calendar  
 and Mondays he devotes to going to the swimming pool,  
 I, as I do not have Mondays, cannot go to the swimming pool...  
 at least I console myself,  
 on Thursdays my inventor puts in new alkaline batteries for me.  
 that my neighbor who is a cod-seller  
 I should buy one they call a very fresh trout, it's been a long time  
 since...

como€115115115115115w115P115115/Â[ VP ;115 Bç115115ôÜ[ >  
 ç115115115115115€ç115ò[%Eç115115115  
 E0\ø[à115115115\²\115\ø[V115Wà115\³Ç\²/Çæ115115ÈÈî`115115Wÿ,115ë————  
 115€115115115°115115115ÿÿ÷115115115ÿÿ3115115ÿÿa115115ÿÿ€115115ÿÿµ115  
 115ÿÿÑ115115ÿÿù115115ÿÿ 115115ÿÿW115115ÿÿ□115115ÿÿ!115115ÿÿà115115ÿÿ÷115115ÿÿ  
 115115ÿÿD————115115ÿÿi————115115ÿÿ^  
 115115ÿÿ—————115115ÿÿÖ————115115  
 ÿÿ115Ö————115115á————115115ÿÿ—  
 115115ÿÿ\*————  
 115115ÿÿE————  
 115115ÿÿS————  
 115115ÿÿ□————  
 115115ÿÿ□————  
 115115ÿÿç————  
 115115ÿÿÛ————  
 115115ÿÿ115115ÿÿ;115115ÿÿS115115ÿÿf115115ÿÿ115115ÿÿ°115115ÿÿÔ115115ÿÿ—  
 115115ÿÿ"115115ÿÿc115115ÿÿ{115115ÿÿ115{115115—  
 115115ÿÿİ115115ÿÿø115115ÿÿ

28 January 1996, 11:42, 3KB

### **1.37. *for sitting next to me***

***(For Desirée, companion in sorrows.)***

The year comes to an end,  
with its yellow autumn,  
the empty chairs,  
the deserted classrooms,  
with its orphan blackboard  
with no one  
to write windmills,  
nameless poems.

Autumn, with its charm  
of spring, then, in the middle of a lake  
surrounded by lotus,  
rowing against the wind,  
in a little boat with cyanide sails,  
brushing the air,  
our cells opening,  
our sexes open  
blooming with the spectacle of the world.

The world breathes,  
with flares of Uranus.  
Foam on the riverbank,  
next to your springs  
I would have been  
an ugly duckling,  
swimming on your dirty apron,  
among the stains of unconfessable secrets,  
of which I am one.

It does not matter when the river overflows,  
and the little boat is made of reeds  
and the waterfall  
resounds deep in our heartbeats.

I have never told you this, but I am a Martian,  
and I come from a planet where  
people are deaf-mute  
and only the walls have mouths...  
and they listen to all I say.

It is the world upside down,  
like a pimple in the middle of the forehead,  
Moses crying out in the desert.

Had I chosen, I would have been a stark raving madman,  
locked away in an insane asylum of laurels,  
growing at your knees,  
dying, as always,  
in puddles of blood.

I would be Dulcinea.  
And after everything,  
what is left?

The cold mornings  
crackling in the palms  
of your hands, with your fists clenched,  
the pain in your chest  
with the rings of sins...

A dove of Venus  
lighting up the blue sky,  
we are soap bubbles  
breaking the hymen of unrealizable dreams.

With innocence at skin's edge  
we are guilty of so much  
that now we do not even remember its name,  
windmills, nameless poems.

The farewell comes  
but the heart resists.

I would like to tell you that a hug,  
or a kiss from friend to friend...  
I do not know, life is a badly written verse  
by a poet with crooked lines.

When we are born again, remind me  
that you were the sun of my nights.

1 June 2001, 18:49, 21KB

## 138LOVE

Love,  
with black eyes,  
love  
with black eyelashes, waving  
like a new shoot  
in the forest  
covered in emeralds,  
waiting for the fugitive winds  
of a loving  
smile.

Hidden love  
in the depths of the plain,  
in the extreme firmness  
of a heart of foam.  
Love, in a dovecote of white doves,  
messengers,  
swollen with roses.

Yesterday you were wearing a pink shirt  
on the corner opposite mine,  
opposite, in the form  
of a classroom with white walls.

Love that trots  
after Cupid's shadow,  
love that sows in fertile fields  
the aromatic seed.

Love... and loves from afar  
that up close become friends,  
and kisses in the light,

and caresses that awaken  
from winter.

And from carnal love,  
who knows,  
compassionate love  
may arise.

“139 Today, March 21st, 1997, it is four in the  
afternoon”

*Today, in the light of the window  
of Bertalanffy, in its warm spring light,  
of wallflowers, of ivies  
hanging from the blue afternoon...  
not being understood, not being heard  
by anyone, by anything,  
only with my light, before my light,  
convinced of it, without doubt.*

*The truth, and only the truth,  
and outside of it... bitter cemeteries  
of rags shaken by the fury of the devil.*

*Today I would like to tell someone what I have seen,  
how long I have been searching for this!  
and when I find it some do not believe me,  
and others want to tear me to pieces.  
Even so I am happy,  
few people have had this marvelous chance:  
Copernicus, Galileo,  
Aristotle, Euclid... Descartes.  
Did they also have to suffer this suffering?*

*The bird veers in its journey,  
it wants to rest  
in the ruby  
of a leaf*

*that has entered the plain, breathing deeply,  
without shivers, thoughtfully  
murmuring things into the ear of the universe... expectant,  
full of rivers shipwrecked in space  
where they dissolve in canoes  
with the oars taking a course where the drift  
brings them safely to harbor.*

*And in the end everything depends on a  
system of differential equations.*

## 140 ANABELÉN

*The dawn  
of your eyelashes in your eyes,  
the dazzling rainbow  
in sidereal acoustic sounds  
making a toast  
with hands of earth.*

*Your deep eyes, caressing my expression, my face,  
my untamed passions  
admiring you,  
you, tender young woman of silvery hair.*

*Belén, or Ana,  
Anabelén, stripping bare  
the crash of your expression.*

*Flower that was born  
on a day when I was not looking for you.*

*I simply found you  
on a foaming night  
when no purpose  
kept me any longer in the distance from my home.*

*It was late  
and my tired body wanted rest.*



*And the judge  
of destiny  
gave us the chains to be able to clasp our hands  
in the famished sound of the complaining night  
that was begging for  
peace of love  
and a dream of sweet eternal melodies.*

30 March 1997, 22:44, 40KB

Ruben Garcia Pedraza

Publicado 12 Agosto 2025, 17:23 (Spanish version)

imposiblenever@gmail.com

Ruben Garcia Pedraza

Published 6 January 2026, 17:55, Belgrade

imposiblenever@gmail.com